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HANDBOOKS

Issued in connection with

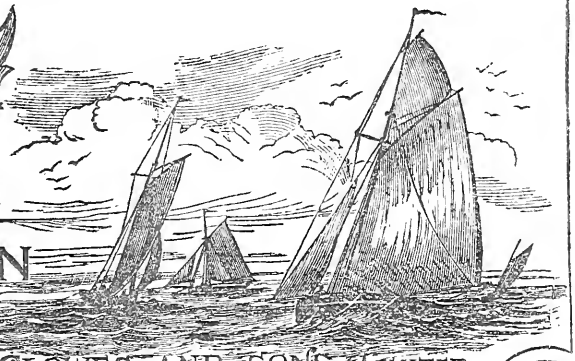
The GREAT INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION

LITERATURE OF SEA AND RIVER FISHING

BY

J. J. MANLEY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "NOTES ON FISH AND FISHING," ETC., ETC.



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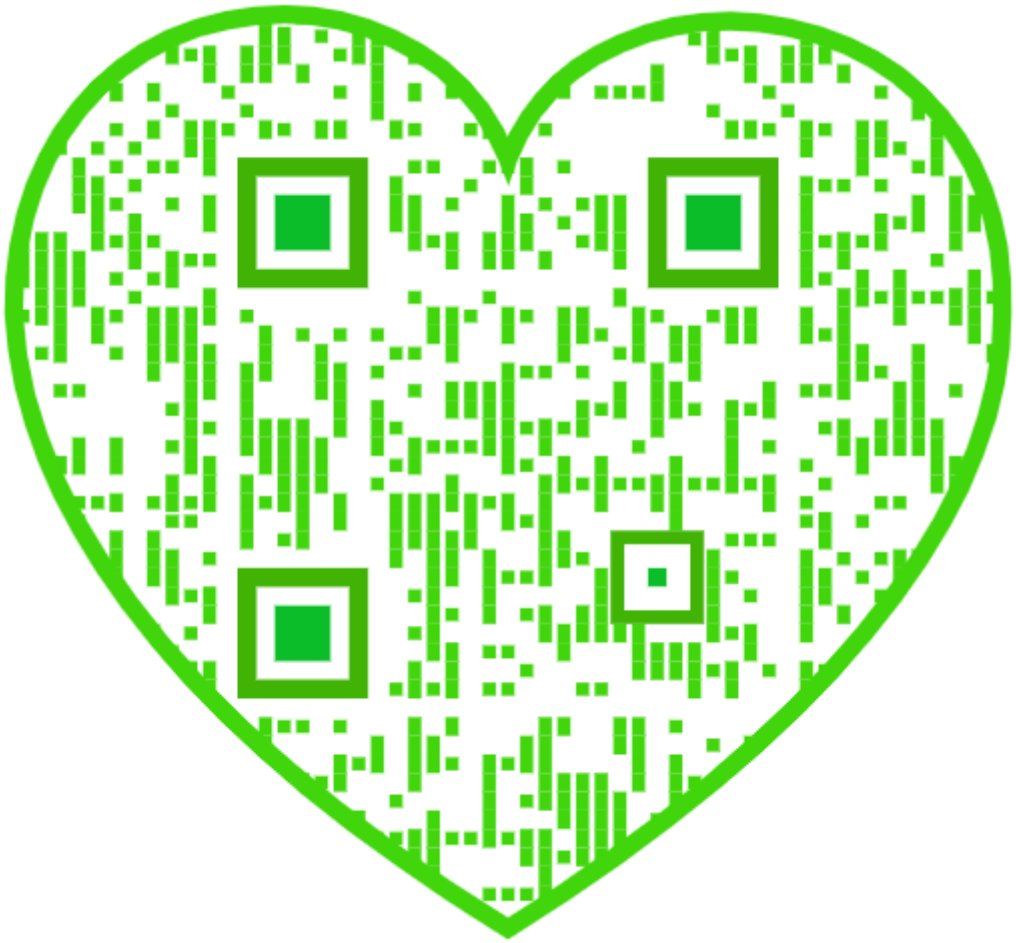

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LITERATURE

OF

SEA AND RIVER FISHING.

International Fisheries Exhibition

LONDON, 1883

LITERATURE

OF

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

BY

J. J. MANLEY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "NOTES ON FISH AND FISHING," ETC., ETC.

"Nature the bull with horns supplies,
The horse with hoofs she fortifies
The fleeting foot on hares bestows,
On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!
Grants *fish* to swim, and birds to fly,
And on their *skill* bids *men* rely."

Anacreon.

περιφραδὴς ἀνήρ.

Sophocles.

LONDON

WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION

AND 13 CHARING CROSS, S.W.

1883

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH this Handbook far exceeds in length all the other members of that large family to which the Fisheries Exhibition has given birth, it cannot pretend to traverse *thoroughly* all the ground indicated by its title. The Literature of Sea and River Fishing is so extensive, that within the present compass only a comparatively brief survey can be essayed; and this must be mainly confined to the literary productions of our own country. Even the names of many English authors must necessarily be omitted, and the chief of them only find a place.

Necessarily, too, the literature of Freshwater Fishing will take up by far the greater portion of the space at command, as books on Sea Fishing are limited in number, and generally speaking of a purely technical or commercial character.

Criticism has not been indulged in to any great degree in the following pages, as the Handbook is principally intended to be a work of "reference," and something in the way of a "guide" to those who may desire to form a general idea of the extent and character of our angling literature.

The quotations introduced may strike some readers, who are more or less familiar with the subject, as somewhat "hackneyed"; but necessarily they are so, because they

are the most appropriate and best illustrative of the matter in hand, just as the "beaten paths" of travel are "beaten" because they are the most interesting and striking. A considerable portion of the quotations is from authors of early or comparatively early periods, whose works are not so easily accessible to general readers as are those of more modern date.

Among the books to which the writer is indebted are those mentioned towards the end of the first chapter; but he would specially acknowledge the invaluable assistance of the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* recently published. A longer and fuller chronological survey of piscatory, and especially of purely angling literature than that which is here offered to angling and other readers, has not, he believes, been hitherto attempted; and, without the aid of the volume just mentioned, what has been achieved would have been almost impossible.

The labour has not been a slight one; and owing to the thousands of references it has involved, many mistakes in names, dates, and other details may have been made. For these he pleads indulgence at the hands of his readers; and concludes these preliminary remarks with the hope that this little book, like the historic cod-fish caught in Lynn Deep, in 1626, with three literary treatises in its stomach, and served before the Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge, will be found at least in some degree to contain "good learning and entertainment."

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LITERATURE

OF

SEA AND RIVER FISHING.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FISHING LITERATURE—CATALOGUES — LIBRARIES, ETC. — AUTHORS ON THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FISHING.

THE bibliography of Sea and River Fishing, and especially of the latter, in itself covers such an enormous field that only a brief glance at it is here possible.

The various "Catalogues" of books which have from time to time been published, as containing all or most of the known works on piscatory subjects, first claim attention. For several generations bibliophilists and bibliographers—several of whom have had more or less interest in piscatory pursuits—have been very busy in their researches into angling literature, and the catalogues of such literature have gradually been growing in magnitude and bibliographical importance. The last out-put of labour from this literary mine has been the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* by Messrs. T. Westwood and T. Satchell, a *magnum opus* in every sense of the words and in itself a history of angling literature. From this it may be gathered that there are in existence about a score of general catalogues of books relating to

fishing and fish, of which a large proportion deal almost exclusively with the subject of angling. One Rittershusius, as far back as 1597, in the Prolegomena of an edition of Oppian, gives a *Catalogue of those who besides Oppian have written something about fish;* and then, after a long gap, we have, printed at Altenburg in 1750, Kreysig's list of ancient writers on hunting, fishing, and other rural amusements. Enslin followed in the same line in 1823, and Engelmann ten years later; both their works being published at Berlin. In 1842 Schneider published, also at Berlin, a continuation of the labours of the two authors last mentioned. But of continental contributors to this branch of literary knowledge D. Mulder Bosgoed, librarian of the Rotterdam Library, stands foremost. He published his *Bibliotheca Ichthyologia et Piscatoria* in 1874, a work of great comprehensiveness and accuracy, which, up to its date, is a very complete bibliography of angling, and contains notices of books on every conceivable subject connected with fish and fishing, and especially of those published on the Continent.

But it is with the piscatorial bibliographers of our country that we are more immediately concerned. Several of these to a great extent confined themselves to compiling catalogues of books on angling proper, but others have taken a more comprehensive line. In an interleaved copy of C. Bowlker's (of Ludlow) work on angling (1806) was found a MS. *List of Angling Books*, by —— White of Crickhowell, whose library was dispersed by auction about the year 1806; and this is probably the first catalogue of its kind made in this country. It is now in the Denison collection, but is of no great intrinsic value. The first of any real importance, entitled *A Catalogue of Books on Angling; with some brief Notices of several of their Authors*, compiled by Sir Henry Ellis, was published in

1811. It contained a list of between seventy and eighty works; and, aided by a revised copy with MS. additions (now in the Denison collection), Mr. Pickering, in 1836, published his *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, increasing the number of works to 180, with an intimation that his catalogue would "be found more extensive than any hitherto published." J. Wilson, brother of Professor Wilson of the "Noctes," published a catalogue in 1840, but it contained only 100 works, as he confined his enumeration very strictly to those which dealt only with angling. The next great advance in piscatorial bibliography was made in 1847 by the Rev. G. W. Bethune, who, though hailing from the United States, we must for the nonce consider an Englishman. In his edition of Izaak Walton he gives a *List of such Works as relate to Fish and Fishing;* and these number 300, exclusive of those on ichthyology, but inclusive of Greek and Latin authors who give descriptions of fishing, some of which will be quoted in the next chapter. The next important catalogue is that appended by Mr. J. Russell Smith, the publisher of Soho Square, to Blakey's *Angling Literature* in 1856. It was professedly based on the catalogues above mentioned, and excluded works "which only treat incidentally on angling;" but it claimed to be "a complete list of English writers on ichthyology." The number of works mentioned is 264. By the way, it may here be mentioned that amongst the books on angling belonging to the writer of these notes, he has a reprint of the *Angler's Progress*, by H. Boaz, written in 1789. This reprint was published by J. H. Burn, of Maiden Lane, in 1820; and in it is the following advertisement: "Preparing for the Press, and speedily will be published, *A Bibliographical List* of all the books written either for the improvement in or that are descriptive of the Art of Angling." The writer has

never seen any notice of the actual publication of this "List," and probably it was never printed. Mr. John Bartlett, of Boston, U.S., has published a most interesting catalogue of his own valuable collection of books on fish and fishing.

We now come to what may be called a new epoch in the history of angling catalogues. In 1861, Mr. T. Westwood —who wields the fishing-rod as ably as he does the pen— presented the literary and angling world with *A New Bibliotheca Piscatoria; or a General Catalogue of Angling and Fishing Literature, with Biographical Notes and Dates.* This was a more ambitious attempt in its line than any which preceded it, and showed a marked advance in its field of research. The author laid the literature of all lands under contribution; and it was to his labours that Herr Bosgoed, above mentioned, was to a very great extent indebted, as he himself acknowledges, in the compilation of his catalogue, in which nearly 600 English works are enumerated.

But it would be superfluous to dwell on the contents of Mr. Westwood's book, as the new and long-expected *Bibliotheca Piscatoria,* already referred to, the joint work of Mr. Westwood and Mr. T. Satchell, has been published within the last few months. As Mr. Westwood's previous book, like Aaron's rod which swallowed up the serpents of the Egyptian magicians, had swallowed up all previous catalogues, and had in turn been assimilated by Herr Bosgoed, so now the last *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* has incorporated all its predecessors in this and all other countries. It is certainly one of the most interesting and masterful works in the whole range of bibliographical literature; and though of necessity, when we consider its subject-matter, there must still remain *addenda et corrigenda,* it may be

fairly said to be as complete as it could well be made, its authors having spared neither time nor pains to perfect what has evidently been to them a real "labour of love." Its publication has been most opportune at a time when fish and fishing have become subjects of special interest, and anglers, from the aristocratic capturers of the lordly *salmo salar* down to the humble *pêcheurs à la ligne*, are rightly called "legion." "*Piscatoribus sacrum*," inscribed by Cotton over his fishery-house on the Dove, might be the appropriate motto of this book; as anglers will find within it interest and instruction to the full, while its purely literary value is almost inestimable from the wealth of biographical notes, pithy criticisms, and of quaint and piquant quotations scattered throughout its pages. As regards its actual contents, suffice it to say that, compared with Mr. T. Westwood's *Bibliotheca*, a small duodecimo volume of 82 pages, this is a large octavo of 397. That enumerated 600 works, but in this, as may be learned from the preface, there are 3158 editions, and reprints of 2148 distinct works registered, including contributions from "far Cathay." Of these 2465 have been personally inspected—1685 in the Denison collection, 482 in the British Museum, and 348 in other libraries. The Parliamentary papers on fish and fishing, which have been included, amount to 727, together with the titles of 341 Acts of Parliament; and a separate and exhaustive list is also added of works on Pisciculture. This will give some idea of the marvellous store of piscatory information contained in, or suggested by, the volume, which has been well and by no means hyperbolically described as a "hagiography for the enthusiastic followers of Walton; a substantial help to the bibliographer; a series of finger-posts by the side of English history to guide the curious student of diversions

which found favour with our forefathers; an amusement for the idle angler as he notes the names of those distinguished of old in his craft; and a veritable delight to the scholarly fisherman." In a word, it is a literary treasure of which not only anglers but the nation may be justly proud; and which, though only nominally a "catalogue," is a most valuable addition to the Literature of Sea and River Fishing.

It may be here mentioned that Professor Brown Goode, who has so ably represented the United States Section at the Fisheries Exhibition, has for some years been engaged in the compilation of an elaborate bibliography of ichthyology, fisheries, and fish culture, which will doubtless prove of great value to all interested in fish and fishing in all parts of the world.

In addition to the general catalogues which are given in the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, there is a very interesting list of over twenty "sale" catalogues, in which books on angling are a special feature. Most of these sales were conducted by the well-known firm in which the name of "Sotheby" occurs, and they stretch over a considerable number of years. Among them is the notice of the sale, in March 1854, of the "valuable and unique private library of Mr. W. P. [William Pickering, above mentioned], consisting of... works on angling, embracing the first five and almost every other edition of Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, and also the works of all his favourite authors." Also the notice of the sale, in July 1869, of the library of Sir H. E. Ellis, above mentioned. In some cases the price, which rare editions of Walton and other angling authors fetched, is given; as, for instance, £92 for an illustrated edition of Walton and Cotton, published by Pickering, and £27 for a copy of the fourth edition of *Secrets of Angling*, by J. D., at

the sale of the Rev. F. Corser's library in 1869; £63 for an illustrated Walton at the sale of W. S. Higgs's library in 1830; and £40 for a Dr. Gardiner's *Booke of Angling or Fishing* (1606), at the sale of Mr. Lynch Cotton's collection in 1856. Dr. Dibden, in his *Bibliomania*, rightly says that "catalogues are to bibliographers what reports are to lawyers—not to be read through from end to end, but to be consulted on doubtful points." When priced, and with purchasers' names, their importance, both as standards of value and means of tracing the proprietorship of rare and curious books, is sufficiently obvious. The present seems to be an age of *Bibliothecas;* and it may be incidentally mentioned that among recent productions of this character the *Bibliotheca Nicotiana*—'A Catalogue of Books about Tobacco'—which mentions over 400 works of various kinds, and was privately printed in 1880, in connection with Mr. Bragge's collection of books and objects connected with tobacco, is almost as great a success as the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria.*

Speaking of piscatorial libraries, the authors of the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* acknowledge their indebtedness to several private collections, including those of Mr. Joseph Grego, and Mr. Alfred Denison of Albemarle Street. The former is a large collection, principally of old English books, many of them very scarce, which had taken fifty years of patient labour to collect. Anglers and bibliophilists of this country will regret to hear that they have recently found a new owner in the United States, whither so many piscatory libraries, or the pick of them, are constantly making their way. The library of Mr. Denison, of Albemarle Street, access to which the writer most gratefully acknowledges, may truly be said to be unique, both for the number and value of its books on angling, and

indeed on all matters connected with fish and fishing. It numbers about 3,000 volumes, and yet does not contain two-thirds of the works (or rather, editions) mentioned in the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*. It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the enthusiastic devotion and the long purse required to form such a library, or on its literary value, as it is only in such a collection that the most rare of angling books can be consulted. Collectors now sigh in vain for such volumes, and hunters of old bookstalls and other places which suggest the possible presence of literary treasures have very great difficulty in finding old angling books. The value of these is constantly rising as the search for them increases, and bibliomania becomes more and more of an endemic. Recently the writer considered himself fortunate in picking up one of the volumes by G. M. (Gervase Markham), dated 1653, which includes a dissertation on fishing. Several works and their different editions by that author are not specially scarce; yet the second edition of his *Young Sportsman's Delight*, &c., though imperfect, is now worth as many pounds as the first sold for pence in 1712. The only perfect copy known to be in existence is that in the Denison library. Many of the works in this grand collection are almost priceless. Among others there are two editions of J. D.'s *Secrets of Angling*, of the second and third of which there are no other copies. When these were sold at Prince's Sale in 1858 they fetched £6 and £3 14*s.* respectively; but it would probably require two 0's added to the 6 to represent the pounds they would realise now if offered to public competition. Mr. Denison once missed another valuable edition of J. D.'s *Secrets;* and only an enthusiastic collector can sympathise with the regret he feels at letting slip a chance which may never offer itself again. Only twice in this

century has a copy of Dame Juliana Berner's *Boke* been offered in an auction-room. A well-known dealer in such literary pearls of great price secured one last year for 600 guineas. Mr. Denison has since become the happy possessor of the other in exchange for £450.

One more very interesting work in the library we must briefly glance at. It was privately printed for Mr. Denison himself in 1872, and only twenty-five copies were struck off. It is entitled, *A literal translation into English of the earliest known book on fowling and fish, written originally in Flemish, and printed in the year* 1492. The *Boecxken* was printed (black-letter) by Matthias van der Goes, but also contains the printer's mark of Godfridus Bach, who married Van der Goes' widow. It contains twenty-six chapters of a very few lines each, in eight leaves, with six woodcuts, and gives recipes for artificial baits, unguents, and pastes, and the periods at which certain fish are "at their best." In date it thus has the priority of the *Book of St. Albans,* as far as fishing goes.

And now we must reluctantly leave this storehouse of literary treasures, so admirably bound and arranged, in their resting-places, and so lovingly cared for and guarded. *Habent sua fata libelli;* and if priceless tomes, which receive greater attention than even royal nurselings, have any feelings, they must rejoice at having found such a home as that in Albemarle Street, where they are the very joy of the soul of their possessor, and we hope safe for a very long time to come from the ups and downs of the famous black-letter volume of Dame Juliana Berners, as told in Mr. Blades's charming *Enemies of Books.*

It is very difficult to make an accurate statement as to the number of books in existence on angling "pure and simple," as so many works in a greater or less degree

include cognate matter. The *New Bibliotheca Piscatoria* of Westwood (1861, and Supplement, 1869) claimed to "include 650 distinct works on the sport" of angling; but no statement appears to be made on this point by the authors of the *Bibliotheca* of the present year. Mr. Charles Estcourt, F.C.S., a member of the Manchester Anglers' Association, in a most interesting paper on the "Bibliography of Angling," read before the members, and published in *Anglers' Evenings*, says that "the mother-country possessed in 1861 no less than 470 works upon fish and fishing"; and that the various countries of the world contributed to piscatory literature, as regards the number of works, in the following order:—Great Britain, Germany, France, America, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Norway. Also, with a view to show the literary position of each of the more prominent angling countries, he gives the following table as the result of an analysis of publishers' lists and catalogues up to the month of September 1879:—

	Britain.	Germany.	France.	America.
Real angling works . . .	411	64	41	12
Natural history, which includes ichthyology, pisciculture, &c.	50	18	15	3
Poetry and rhyme . . .	37	..	..	..
Reports	59	6	4	..
Total	557	88	60	15

In this list, under the name of each country, are included only those books which are printed in the language of that country. The grand total is 720, of which Great Britain contributes more than three times as many as the other countries put together; thus testifying to the fact that she is the home of, and great international instructress in, the "gentle art." But after all, notwithstanding the above

figures and statements, we do not seem to possess a really accurate statement as to the relative number of books on angling "pure and simple," and on other piscatory subjects, which have up to the present time been published in this and other countries.

This chapter may perhaps be appropriately concluded with the mention of one or two treatises that deal with the subject in hand, so that readers who are specially interested in piscatorial bibliography may know where to find fuller information, and very many interesting facts connected with it, which the present limitation of space renders it impossible to touch on. In addition to the "catalogues" and other works above referred to, such as Blakey's *Angling Literature* (J. R. Smith, Soho Square), which, by the way, has many inaccuracies scattered about its pages, and Mr. Estcourt's paper in *Anglers' Evenings* (Abel Heywood, Manchester), may be mentioned an erudite and charming little volume by Mr. Osmund Lambert, entitled *Angling Literature in England* (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London), which briefly surveys the whole of angling bibliography. Among articles of considerable length which have appeared in current literature during the last few years, the reader may be referred to *The Fly-fisher and his Library*, by H. R. Francis, which appeared in the "Cambridge Essays" in 1856 (J. W. Parker & Son, London), most pleasant literary chit-chat, but necessarily somewhat discursive and limited in its range; and to "The Angler's Library" in the July number of the *Edinburgh Review* of the current year, wherein will be found much curious and solid information, as well as light and entertaining reading. *Blackwood* and other magazines have also of late years contained more or less lengthy notices on the bibliography of fishing; and the volumes of *Notes and Queries*, and *The Angler's Note-Book*

(Satchell & Co., London), may be consulted with pleasure and profit. Dr. Badham's *Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle* is another book—one of the most interesting ever written on fish and fishing—which abounds with notes on piscatory bibliography.

CHAPTER II.

AUTHORS ON SEA AND RIVER FISHING, ETC., BEFORE THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO ENGLAND, A.D. 1474.

It is difficult to say when fishing came to be practised by the ancients as an amusement. Of course it was first resorted to, both by means of nets and of hooks and lines, for the purpose of procuring food. But, doubtless, in very early times, what seems to be the instinctive desire of man to capture animals *feræ naturæ*, led him to pursue fishing as "a sport," and not merely for "the pot"; and many ancient coins, gems, frescoes, mural inscriptions, and other "antiquities" preserved to the present day, bear testimony to this fact, "the angle" being frequently represented. Certain it is, too, that the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians, during what may be called the historic period, pursued angling as a pastime. We should naturally, therefore, expect that ancient writers would allude to, if not compose treatises on, fishing from both the above points of view, and especially from that of "sport," as being more interesting and giving wider scope for descriptions both in prose and verse.

Athenæus—called by Suidas γραμματικός, a term which is best rendered into English as "a literary man"—who wrote in the middle of the third century, and whose pet subjects seem to have been grammar and gastronomy, cites in his writings no less than 1,200 separate works and 800 authors, and of the latter the names of a very large number are given in his *Deipnosophistæ* ("Banquet of the

Learned ") as those of authors who had written on fish and fishing. The great majority of their compositions are unfortunately lost to us, but their names are a testimony to the abundance of ancient literature of the net and angle.

But the words "ancient" and "literature" are very comprehensive, and cover a very wide field; and it may be a question as to how far authors who only incidentally make mention of, or very briefly describe, fishing of various kinds, should be included among contributors to angling literature. Enthusiasts in this matter claim among them the authors of several books in the Bible, such as the author of the Book of Job, the prophet Amos, Habakkuk, and Isaiah, the prophecy of which latter concerning the destruction of Egypt, Bishop Lowth has thus translated :—

"And the fishes shall mourn and lament;
All those that cast the hook in the river,
And those that spread nets on the surface of the waters, shall languish;
And they that work the fine flax shall be confounded,
And they that weave net-work;
And her shores shall be broken up;
Even all that make a gain of pools of fish."

But the Biblical notices of fishing are really only evidences of the antiquity of the practice, and of the "engines" used in its prosecution. Herodotus is claimed as a piscatory author, because he tells us of the fisheries of the Lake Mœris; and of course Homer is pressed into the service in consequence of his several allusions to angling. In the 16th *Iliad* (408), for instance, reference is made to hook and line fishing, and the passage has been rather freely translated thus :—

"As from some rock that overhangs the flood
The silent fisher casts the insidious food;
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies."

In the 12th *Odyssey* (251) "a very long fishing-rod" is spoken of; and in a passage a little further on the companions of Ulysses resort to fishing "with crooked hooks"; and yet another passage refers to the use of pieces of bullock's horn in fishing, which, by the way, does not mean that the hook was made of this material, but that the piece of horn was slipped down the line to prevent the fish biting through it. The Greek tragedians frequently allude to fishing. Aristotle shows a wonderful knowledge of fish, and in his *Animalia* recognises 117 different kinds. Theocritus, the Sicilian, who flourished about 270 B.C., and of whose *Idylls* there are several English translations, may fairly claim rank as an ancient piscatory poet. In his 21st Idyll a fisherman is represented as recounting a dream of the previous night—

> "Methought I sat upon a shelfy steep,
> And watch'd the fish that gamboll'd in the deep."

A huge one takes the "bait *fallacious*, suspended from his rod"; and then is described the "playing" of the fish, as best it could be played in an era before winches and running lines were thought of:—

> "Bent was my rod, and from his gills the blood
> With crimson stream distain'd the silver flood;
> I stretch'd my arm out lest the hook should break—
> The flesh so vigorous, and my hook so weak!
> Anxious I gaz'd; he struggled to be gone:
> You're wounded—I'll be with you, friend, anon—
> Still do you tease me?—for he plagu'd me sore.
> At last, quite spent, I drew him safe on shore,
> Then graspt him with my hand, for surer hold:
> A noble prize, a fish of solid gold!"

This is rather a poor translation, but it will answer its purpose. Perhaps that by Chapman (Bohn, 1853) is the best.

Passing on to later times, we have Virgil in his *Georgics* singing,

> "How casting nets were spread in shallow brooks;
> Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks."

And after the Christian era we have Ovid entering the lists of angling literature, and telling us in his *Ars Amatoria* how

> "The wary angler in the winding brook,
> Knows what the fish and where to bait his hook;"

and how he plies "his *quivering* rod." In his *Halieuticon* (if the fragment be rightly credited to him, which some critics question) he gives us much genuine angling information, and amusing notices of the expertness of different fish in escaping from the angler's hook. Pliny shows himself a learned ichthyologist, and is the first Latin poet who makes even cursory mention of the king of the Salmonidæ (*S. salar*) as frequenting rivers in Aquitaine. He also gives many most interesting accounts of the modes of capture of various fish. Here is one of the capture of the Anthea, which is quaint in itself, and quaint in the words of Ph. Holland's translation :—

"When the time serveth there goeth forth a fisher in a small boat or barge, for certaine daies together, a prettie way into the sea, clad alwaies in apparell of one and the same colour, at one houre and to the same place still, when he casteth forth a bait for the fish. But the fish antheus is so craftie and warie, that whatsoever is throwne forth hee suspecteth it evermore that it is a meanes to surprise him. He feareth therefore and distrusteth; and as he feareth, so is he as warie; until at length, after much practice and often using this device of flinging meat into the same place, one above the rest groweth so hardy and bold as to bite at it. The fisher takes good mark of this one fish, making sure reckoning that he will bring more thither, and be the meanes that he shall speed his hand in the end. At length this hardie

capitaine meets with some other companions, and by little and little he cometh every day better accompanied than other, until in the end he bringeth with him infinite troupes and squadrons together, so as now the eldest of them all (as craftie as they bee) being so well used to know the fisher, that they will snatch meat out of his hands; then he, espying his time, putteth forth an hook with a bait, and speedily with a quick and nimble hand whippeth them out of the water, and giveth them one after another to his companion in the ship—who ever, as they be snatched up, latcheth them in a coarse twille or covering, and keepes them sure ynough from either strougling or squeaking, that they should not drive the rest away. The speciall thing that helpeth this game and pretie sport is to know the capitaine from the rest, who brought his fellowes to this feast, and to take heed in any hand that he be not twicht up and caught; and therefore the fisher spareth him, that he may flie and goe to some other flocke for to traine them to the like banket. Thus you see the manner of fishing for these anthiæ."

Plutarch also tells us a good deal about fish and fishing, and relates the well-known story of the angling match between Antony and Cleopatra, which makes as certain an appearance in every book on angling, as does Macaulay's New Zealander on the ruins of London Bridge in the work of every writer who can possibly squeeze him into his production. Martial shows us that the Romans of his time knew something of fly-fishing, by asking—

> "Who has not seen the scarus rise,
> Decoy'd and kill'd by *fraudful* flies?"

But we learn from Ælian, a contemporary of Martial, at the beginning of the 2nd century, that this art was known far away from Rome. In Book XV., Ch. I., of his *De Animalium Naturâ* he says (according to the translation from Schneider's edition given by Mr. Lambert) :—

"I have heard of a Macedonian way of catching fish, and it is this: between Beroca and Thessalonica runs a river called the

Astracus, and in it there are *fish with spotted (or speckled) skins;* what the natives of the country call them you had better ask the Macedonians. These fish feed on a fly which is peculiar to the country, and which hovers over the river. It is not like flies found elsewhere, nor does it resemble a wasp in appearance, nor in shape would one justly describe it as a midge or a bee, yet it has something of each of these. In boldness it is like a fly, in size you might call it a bee, it imitates the colour of the wasp, and it hums like a bee. The natives call it the Hippouros. As these flies seek their food over the river, they do not escape the observation of the fish swimming below. When then a fish observes a fly hovering above, it swims quietly up, fearing to agitate the water, lest it should scare away its prey, then coming up by its shadow, it opens its jaws and gulps down the fly, like a wolf carrying off a sheep from the flock, or an eagle a goose from the farmyard; having done this it withdraws under the rippling water. Now though the fishermen know of this, they do not use these flies at all for bait for the fish; for if a man's hand touch them, they lose their colour, their wings decay, and they become unfit for food for the fish. For this reason they have nothing to do with them, hating them for their bad character; but they have planned a snare for the fish, and get the better of them by their fisherman's craft. *They fasten red (crimson red) wool round a hook and fit on to the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles, and which in colour are like wax.* Their rod is six feet long and the line is of the same length. Then they throw their snare, and the fish, attracted and maddened by the colour, comes up, thinking from the pretty sight to get a dainty mouthful; when, however, it opens its jaws, it is caught by the hook and enjoys a bitter repast, a captive."

It may be taken for granted that these "spotted" fish were some kind of trout, or at least members of the *Salmonidæ* family, who are still so open to having a rise taken out of them by the "fraudful fly." Ælian also describes minutely a variety of methods of fish capture, and among them a very singular mode of taking eels,

which is a much more ingenious device than the modern practice of "sniggling" with a mop of threaded lob-worms. He says :—

"The artful eeler pitches upon a spot favourable for his purpose at the turn of a stream, and lets down from where he stands, on the high bank, some cubits' length of the intestines of a sheep, which, carried down by the current, is eddied and whirled about, and presently perceived by the eels, one of whom adventurously gobbling some inches at the nether end, endeavours to drag the whole away. The angler, perceiving this, applies the other end, which is fixed to a long tubular reed serving in lieu of a fishing-rod, to his mouth, and blows through it into the gut. The gut presently swells, and the fish next receiving the air into his mouth, swells too, and being unable to extricate his teeth is lugged out, adhering to the inflated intestine."

Ælian also speaks of the *Thymalus*, which we may almost certainly take to be the grayling, as he assigns it to the rivers Ticeno and Adige, in which it still abounds; the name itself is still associated with the grayling, which has always been considered to emit a thyme-like fragrance; and the fly, in accordance with what Ælian says, is its favourite food.

A voluminous writer on fish and fishing, who chronologically next presents himself for mention is Oppian, who was born in the year 183. His chief work was his *Halieutics*, a poem of five books in Greek hexameters, which he is said to have publicly recited in a theatre. A very fair translation of it is that of Diaper (not Draper, as frequently given) and Jones (Oxford, 1772). Many of the quotations from his writings, in their English form, are well known to all readers of books on angling; but, though hackneyed, a few of them must be here introduced. The modern angler cannot fail to enter into their spirit, and feel that the

fishermen of old were of the same fraternity as "brothers of the angle" now. This is how Ælian divides fishermen into classes :—

> "By those who curious have their art defined,
> Three sorts of fishers are distinct assigned ;
> The first in hooks delight, here some prepare
> The angler's taper length and twisted hair ;
> Others the tougher heads of flax entwine,
> But firmer hands sustain the sturdy line ;
> A third prevails by more compendious ways,
> While numerous hooks one common line displays."

The following is a capital rendering of a famous passage :—

> "A bite ! Hurrah ! the length'ning line extends,
> Above the tugging fish the arch'd reed bends ;
> He struggles hard, and noble sport will yield,
> My liege, ere wearied out he quits the field.
> See how he swims up, down, and now athwart
> The rapid stream—now pausing as in thought ;
> And now you force him from the azure deep ;
> He mounts, he bends, and with resilient leap
> Bounds into air ! There see the dangler twirl,
> Convulsive start, hang, curl, again uncurl,
> Caper once more like young Terpsichore
> In giddy gyres above the sounding sea,
> Till near'd you seize the prize with steady wrist,
> And grasp at last the bright funambulist."

Here is another :—

> "The fisher, standing from the shallop's head,
> Projects the length'ning line and plunging lead,
> Gently retracts, then draws it in apace,
> While flocking anthias follow and give chase
> As men their foe, so these pursue their fate,
> And closely press the still receding bait.
> Nor long in vain the tempting morsel pleads,
> A hungry anthia seizes, snaps, and bleeds ;
> The fraud soon felt, he flies in wild dismay,
> Whiz goes the line—begins Piscator's play !

His muscles tense, each tendon on the rack,
Of swelling limbs, broad loins, and sinewy back.
Mark yon fine form, erect with rigid brow,
Like stately statue sculptured at the prow,
From wary hand who pays the loosening rein
Manœuvring holds, or lets it run again!
And see! the anthia not a moment flags,
Resists each pull, and 'gainst the dragger drags;
With lashing tail, to darkest depths below
Shoots headlong down, in hopes t' evade the foe.
'Now ply your oars, my lads!' Piscator bawls;
The huge fish plunges—down Piscator falls!
A second plunge, and, lo! th' ensanguined twine
Flies through his fissured fingers to the brine.
As two strong combatants of balanced might
Force first essay, then practise every sleight,
So these contend—awhile a well-matched pair—
Till frantic efforts by degrees impair
The anthia's strength, who, drain'd of vital blood,
Soon staggers feebly through the foaming flood,
Then dying, turns his vast unwieldy bulk
Reversed upon the waves, a floating hulk.
Tow'd to his side, with joy Piscator sees
The still leviathin; still on his knees,
With arms outstretch'd, close clasps the gurgling throat,
Makes one long pull and hauls him in the boat."

There is a true piscatorial ring about these lines. So there is in the following, which describes the troller making ready his line for the capture of sea fish, much after the fashion of modern trollers in fresh water, with a dace or gudgeon on their gorge-hook :—

"He holds the labrax, and beneath his head
Adjusts with care an oblong shape of lead,
Named from its form a dolphin; plumb'd with this
The bait shoots headlong through the blue abyss.
The bright decoy a living creature seems,
As now on this side, now on that, it gleams,
Till some dark form across its passage flit,
Pouches the lure, and finds the biter's bit."

Oppian, however, recommends as a bait a living labrax, when one is to be got. Here is an account of how sargues or sargs (a species of *Sparidæ*) were captured in ancient days. The biographers of these fish say that the males are extremely uxorious, and fortunately are able to obtain the hyper-mormonistic accompaniment of at least a hundred wives apiece; and further that the tribe have such a strong affection for goats, that when a herd come down to bathe they flock to the place, and there remain for a long time. Hence the fishermen were in the habit of dressing themselves in goat-skins and skinning the water of the poor sargs—*Credat Judæus*—

"When bleating concerts and the deeper sound
Of shepherds echo through the vast profound,
With eager haste th' unwieldy Sargos move,
By nature slow, but swift to meet their love;
With wanton gambols greet the horned fair,
Vault o'er the waves and flutter in the air;
Unhappy lovers, who too soon shall find,
Their pleasures hollow and their goats unkind.
Deceitful swains, the fatal hint improve,
And arm the flattering destinies with love.
A goat-skin o'er his back the fisher throws,
And sets th' erected horns above his brows;
The flesh and fat incorporates with flour,
And scatters o'er the flood a foodful shower,
The fair disguise and scented victuals' charms,
With joint attraction call the finny swarms;
They round the mimic goat in crowds repair,
Thoughtless their sports, their joys are insincere.
Poor ignorants! a deadly mate they find,
His shape familiar, but estranged his mind.
A sturdy rod his latent hand extends,
The flaxen cordage from the top descends,
The fleshy feet of goats unhoof'd conceal
With odoriferous bait the barbed steel;
With unsuspicious haste the fish devours,
Mounts to the jerk, and tumbles on the shores."

In another passage he relates how the fishermen of the Tyrrhine Sea constructed light skiffs, resembling Xiphias, which attracted these fish, and from which the fishermen harpooned them. He also mentions and gives the use of a great variety of ancient nets, to which, as he says, he might have added many more but for the exigencies of verse :—

> "A thousand names a fisher might rehearse
> Of nets, intractable in smoother verse."

And specially he describes the meshed "engine," used for the capture of thunny; so immense, complex, and intricate, that—

> "Nets like a city to the floods descend,
> And bulwarks, gates, and noble streets extend."

He thus shows that the ancients kept a magnificent stock of nets, and probably anticipated in many instances what we imagined to be modern improvements or inventions.

His sketch of the well-known pilot fish, or "whale's friend," is very pretty, and even touching :—

> "Bold in the front the little pilot glides,
> Averts each danger, every motion guides ;
> With grateful joy the willing whales attend,
> Observe the leader and revere the friend :
> True to the little chief obsequious roll,
> And soothe in friendship's charms their savage soul.
> Between the distant eyeballs of the whale
> The watchful pilot waves his faithful tail,
> With signs expressive points the doubtful way,
> The bulky tyrants doubt not to obey,
> Implicit trust repose in him alone,
> And hear and see with senses not their own ;
> To him the important reins of life resign,
> And every self-preserving care decline."

Under the Greek name "Echeneis," *i.e.*, "stay-ship"

(Latin *remora*), Oppian well describes the "sucking-fish":—

> "Slender his shape, his length a cubit ends,
> No beauteous spot the gloomy race commends:
> An eel-like clinging kind, of dusky looks,
> His jaws display tenacious rows of hooks;
> The sucking fish beneath, with secret chains
> Within his teeth, the sailing ship detains."

The "cramp-fish" of the Greeks, or torpedo of the moderns, must have been an awkward customer to tackle, if Oppian's description be correct:—

> "The cramp-fish when the pungent pain alarms,
> Exerts his magic pow'rs and passion'd charms,
> Clings round the line, and bids th' embrace infuse
> From fertile cells comprest his subtil juice,
> Th' aspiring tide its restless volume rears,
> Rolls up the steep ascent of slipp'ry hairs,
> Then down the rod with easy motion slides,
> And entering in the fisher's hand subsides.
> On every point an icy stiffness steals,
> The flowing spirits bind, and blood congeals.
> Down drops the rod dismist, and floating lies,
> Drawn captive in its turn, the fish's prize."

Some of Oppian's best bits are his animated descriptions of fish sea-fights, in which the combatants are as intensely personified as his Homeric Greeks and Trojans in their hand-to-hand combats on the banks of the Simois and Scamander. But unlike mortal heroes, the aqueous belligerents of Oppian pull each other to pieces without any responsibility on their part or shock to moral sense on ours:—

> "Unwise we blame the rage of warring fish,
> Who urged by hunger *must* supply the wish;
> Whilst cruel man, to whom his ready food
> Kind earth affords, yet thirsts for human blood."

From Oppian we gather that the ancients were well

versed in the use of all kinds of medicated and scented pastes, both as baits and ground-baits for fish, and also with a variety of intoxicants and narcotics, by which fish could be rendered senseless and capturable. The cyclamen, or "sow-bread," was known to the ancients, as it is to the Neapolitans and others at the present time, as having a special property of drugging fish; and the poet tells us that—

> "Soon as the deadly cyclamen invades
> The ill-starr'd fishes in their deep-sunk glades,
> Emerging quick the prescient creatures flee
> Their rocky fastnesses, and make for sea,
> Nor respite know; the slowly-working bane
> Creeps o'er each sense and poisons every vein,
> Then pours concentred mischief on the brain.
> Some drugg'd, like men o'ercome with recent wine,
> Reel to and fro, and stagger through the brine;
> Some in quick circlets whirl; some 'gainst the rocks
> Dash, and are stunn'd by repercussive shocks;
> Some with quench'd orbs or filmy eyeballs thick
> Rush on the nets and in the meshes stick;
> In coma steep'd, their fins some feebly ply;
> Some in tetanic spasms gasp and die . . . .
> Soon as the plashings cease and stillness reigns,
> The jocund crew collect and count their gains."

But almost irresistible as the temptation is to quote further from this most interesting author, even in his English garb, we must pass on. Arrian, a Greek historian, who lived in the second century, and rose to the highest dignities in Rome, furnishes us with some interesting details of an almost exclusively ichthyophagous community in India, and their wonderful skill, both in the manufacture and use of nets made from the inner bark of palm-trees. Towards the close of the second century we have Julius Pollux, a Greek writer who, in one of the books of his *Onomasticon*, tells us a good deal about fish and fishing.

We will take Ausonius to represent the fourth century. He is a notable piscatory writer, and is the first Latin poet who mentions the salmon under its present title :—

> "Nec te puniceo rutilantem viscere *salmo*
> Transierim."

And in another passage :—

> "Purpureusque *salar* stellatus tergora guttis."

He further also distinguishes it by different names, according to its age, as it is distinguished now; though modern nomenclature, varying as it does in so many different districts in the United Kingdom, leads to great confusion, and has been a bar to the advancement of knowledge as regards salmonoid biology. He mentions also the trout and grayling, the latter under its significant title of "umbra" (umber), given it because of its quickly passing out of sight by its rapid movements like a "shadow" :—

> "Effugiens oculis celeri *umbra* natatu."

Ausonius seems to be the first author in prose or poetry who introduces the pike or jack (*Esox lucius*). Thus :—

> "The wary *luce*, midst wrack and rushes hid,
> The scourge and terror of the scaly brood ;"

and, gastronomically deprecating him, adds :—

> "Unknown at friendship's hospitable board,
> Smokes 'midst the smoky tavern's coarsest food."

The *Mosella* (Moselle) is Ausonius's chief work, in which he describes the beauty of the river, the fish therein, and the anglers who take them thereout. Here is a picture of angling in the passage beginning with "Ille autem scopulis ;" and though it might run better in a metrical translation, reads fairly well as given by Mr. Lambert :—

"While the other, stooping over the rocks towards the waters below, lowers the bending top of his limber rod, casting his hooks

laden with killing baits. Upon these the vagrant crowd of fishes, unskilled in snares, rush, and their gaping jaws feel too late the wounds inflicted by the hidden steel; their quivering tells the fisherman of his success, and the wavy rod yields to the quivering tremor of the shaking line; and at once the angler jerks sideways his stricken prey with a whistling sound (i.e. the rapidity of his action in bringing out his line makes the air whistle). The air receives the blow, as when it resounds with the cracking of a whip, and the wind hisses from the air in motion. The watery spoils (i.e. caught fish) jump on the dry rocks, and dread the death-dealing beams of the light of day. They, that were so full of vigour in their native waters, spiritless gasp out their wasting lives in our air; now with weakened body they wriggle feebly on the ground—the torpid tail quivers its last; the jaws do not close, but through its gills, dying it gives back in mortal gasps the breath it draws; as when the wind plays on the fires of a work-shop the (opening) mouth of the beech-covered (sided) bellows alternately draws in and expels the blast. Some (fish) I have seen even at the point of death gather up their strength, then spring aloft and fling their curved bodies headlong into the stream below and regain enjoyment of the waters lost to hope; while after them the fisherman, impatient at his loss, wildly leaps, and by swimming vainly strives to grasp them again."

It has been suggested by Mr. Lambert that as the *Salme* flows into the Moselle, it was probably from it that the *salmon* took its name, unless, indeed, it was the fish that gave its name to the river, just as "colours" have often given their names to "materials." Mr. Lambert also mentions that Ansonius wrote a poem "on the oyster"—a subject which we can well understand does not readily lend itself to poetical treatment, unless the "blessed bivalve" were dilated upon as being happy in love, as well as "crossed in love," in accordance with the suggestion in *The Critic* of Sheridan.

Æsop in the sixth century introduced fish and fishing

into his fables; and a long stride brings us to Cassianus Bassus, who flourished in the beginning of the tenth century. The twentieth book of his *Geoponica* is almost entirely devoted to fishing and baits.

It is not pretended that the above-mentioned authors exhaust the list of Greek, Roman, and other writers on fish and fishing during the first ten centuries; but the extracts given are sufficient to show that the subject from very early times gradually gave rise to a literature more or less its own. Authors who treated of the *vivaria*, or fish-stews of the Romans, might be quoted, notably Varro (who wrote *De Re Rustica* in his eightieth year), Columella, Palladius, and several others also, in whose works a good deal of halieutic and ichthyological information is to be found scattered up and down.

Numberless early works on fish and fishing have been wholly or partially lost to us, among which may be mentioned those of piscatory poets, such as Numeneus of Heraclea, Cœcius of Argos, Poseidonius of Corinth, Pancrates the Arcadian, and Leonidas of Tarentum. Of these only a few fragments have been preserved; and the following translation (*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxviii.) of an "Epitaph of an Angler," by the last-named, is worth quoting:—

> "Parmis, the son of Callignotus—he
> Who troll'd for fish the margin of the sea,
> Chief of his craft, whose keen, perceptive search,
> The kichlé, scarus, bait-devouring perch,
> And such as love the hollow clefts, and those
> That in the caverns of the deep repose,
> Could not escape—is dead.
> Parmis had lured
> A julis from its rocky haunts, secured
> Between his teeth the slippery pert, when, lo!
> It jerk'd into the gullet of its foe,

Who fell beside his lines and hooks and rod,
And the choked fisher sought his last abode.
His dust lies here. Stranger, this humble grave
An angler to a brother angler gave."

The "Old Fathers" of the church have been cited as contributors to the literature of fish and fishing, such as Clemens Alexandrinus, Basil, Ambrose of Milan, Athanasius, Augustine, Isidore of Seville, and others; but their contributions in most cases are little more than allusions. Isidore, however, in his *De Ordine Creaturarum*, gives an account of fish, and the seas and rivers they inhabit; and the well-known passage, referred to by Izaak Walton, from the *Hexameron; or, the Six Days' Work of Creation*, by St. Ambrose, anent the grayling (*Salmo thymallus*), always deserves to be quoted as a happy description. The translation of the Latin may thus run:—

"Nor shall I leave thee unhonoured in my discourse, O Thymallus (grayling), whose name is given thee by a flower: whether the waters of the Ticino produce thee or those of the pleasant Atesis, a flower thou art. In fine, the common saying attests it; for it is pleasantly said of one who gives out an agreeable sweetness, he smells either of fish or flower: thus the fragrance of the fish is asserted to be the same as that of the flower. What is more pleasing than thy form? more delightful than thy sweetness? more fragrant than thy smell? The fragrance of the honey exhales from thy body."

So gastronomically enchanted was the good bishop with the grayling, that it is said he "never let it pass without the honour of a discourse."

Perhaps as a "curiosity of literature" connected with fish, the sermon said to have been delivered by St. Anthony of Padua (351 to 356 A.D.), to a "miraculous congregation of fishes," may here be given. It is taken from a curious

little volume in the writer's possession, the third edition of *The Angler's Museum*, by T. Shirley, the first edition of which was published in 1784. The sermon, with some introductory and closing remarks, was prefixed to the second edition, and altogether stands thus :—

> "*The following Curious Sermon, preached by* ST. ANTHONY *of* PADUA, *in* ITALY, *to a miraculous* CONGREGATION *of* FISHES, *extracted from* ADDISON'S TRAVELS, *is here inserted for the Amusement of our* READERS.

"When the Hereticks would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the seashore, where the river Marecchia disembogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly arranged themselves according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation ; and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words :—

"'Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved fish) discovers itself in all the works of the creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars ; in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures ; nevertheless, the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings ; for, notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking in a middle nature between stone and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters ; notwithstanding you are tossed among the

billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold; notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine Greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The Holy Scriptures have always made use of you as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament. Do you think that without a mystery the first present that God Almighty made to man was of you? O ye fishes! Do you think that without a mystery among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted? O ye fishes! Do you think that our Saviour Christ, next to the Pascal Lamb, took so much pleasure in the food of you? O you fishes! do you think it was mere chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to Cæsar he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so great mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator. It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is He that has given you, in compliance with your own natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitations. It is He that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottos, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings, or in the palaces of princes. You have the water for your dwelling, a clear transparent element, brighter than chrystal; you can see from its deepest bottom everything that passes on its surface. You have the eyes of a lynx or of an Argus. You are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in everything that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding everything that may be hurtful. You are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves and to propagate your species; you obey, in all your actions, works, and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without repugnancy or contradiction. The colds of winter and the heats of summer are equally incapable of molesting you; a serene or clouded sky are indifferent to you; let the earth abound in fruits or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rain, and thunders, lightnings, and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring

or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn or the frosts of winter; you are not solicitous about the hours or days, months or years, the variableness of weather or changes of seasons. In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were insensible of the mischief that laid waste the whole world. All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise to the Divine Majesty that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you such distinguishing favours; and since all this you cannot employ your tongues with praises of your benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude, make at least some sign of reverence: bow yourselves at his name; give some show of gratitude; according to the best of your capacities express your thanks in the most becoming manner you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits that he has bestowed on you.'"

He had no sooner done speaking, than, behold a miracle! The fish, as though they had been endowed with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed Father St. Antonio.

The legend adds, that after many heretics who were present at the miracle had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fishes and dismissed them.

Several of the like stories of St. Anthony are represented about his monument in a basso-relievo.

There is very little indeed in the way of anything on ichthyological literature to dwell on between the close of the tenth century and the introduction of printing. It was a period very barren of all kinds of literature. Blakey presses into the service of angling literature of this period Juan Ruiz, a Spaniard, who wrote a poem called *The Battle*

of Mr. Carnal and Mrs. Lent, in 1350, fish and beasts being represented in an internecine contest, which resulted in the victory of the former. But this is hardly to our purpose. A recent writer on angling literature states that the oldest English treatise on fishery is contained in the Colloquy of the Saxon Ælfric; but it is valueless as far as matter is concerned, though the list of both salt and fresh water fish is interesting. A record of the different modes of fishing with worm, fly, torch and spear, night lines, &c., is to be found in Richard de Fournival's Latin poem, *De Vitulâ*, supposed to have been written in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It existed only in manuscript until 1861, when it was printed by Aubry. A most interesting old English poem by Piers of Fulham, supposed to have been written about the year 1420, contains some very quaint notices about fish and their capture. It is entitled "*Vayne conseytes of folysche love undyr colour of fyscheng and fowlyng.*" Three or more manuscripts of this poem are in existence. It opens thus in the version given by Blakey :—

> "A man thath lovith ffisshyng and ffowlyng bothe,
> Ofte tyme that lyff shall hym be lothe,
> In see in ryver in ponde or in poole,
> Off that crafte thowe he knowe the scole,
> Thought his nett never so wide streiche,
> It happith full ofte hym naught to ketche."

The author was evidently a good sportsman as times went, and preferred running to stagnant waters, though in the former he does not intend to stick to entirely legitimate angling. He delivers himself on this wise :—

> "But in rennyng ryvers that bee commone,
> There will I fisshe and taake my fortune
> Wyth nettys, and with angle hookys,
> And laye weris, and spenteris in narrowe brookys."

But a still earlier British author in connection with angling is a Scotch rhymster called Blind Harry, who is credited with the *Poeticæ*, in which lines a contention about fishing rights between Sir William Wallace and Lord Percy is related. The date of the poem is put toward the end of the fourteenth century. It does not seem to be recognised in the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*. The contention described reminds one of the suggested etymology of *riva*lry, from *rivus*, a river; and certainly the constant disputes about "fishing rights" up to the present day, *e.g.* those connected with the Thames, which are still *sub judice*, favour the suggestion.

CHAPTER III.

AUTHORS ON SEA AND RIVER FISHING, FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO ENGLAND (1474 A.D.) TO THE TIME OF IZAAK WALTON.

THE first printed book connected with the literature of fishing claims England as its nationality, and an English lady as its author. It is known as the *Book of St. Albans*, and was written (or perhaps it might be more correct to say "edited") by Dame Juliana Berners (or Barnes), or, as some call her, Dame Julyans, and even plain "Mrs. Barnes," who is generally believed to have been the Prioress of Sopwell, near St. Albans. Some ruins of this still remain, and can easily be visited by anglers who, like the writer, have the privilege of whipping the Ver, below the city, whose ancient name of *Ver*ulamium is still perpetuated by this pretty trout-stream. The *Book of St. Albans* is supposed to have been written early in the fifteenth century, but the first edition of it, which comprises discourses on hawking and hunting and "other commendable treatyses," and was printed by the "schoolmaster-printer" of St. Albans in 1486, contains nothing about fishing. The next edition was printed by the famous printer at Westminster, Wynkyn de Worde, in 1496, and in this appears, as an addition to the others, a *Treatyse of fysshynge*. Whether the good and learned Dame was an angler herself, or whether she ought to receive the full credit of originality for her treatise on angling (a fact which

may seriously be called in question, judging at least from an old MS. of much earlier date in the Denison collection), we will not now discuss. Certain it is that she wished to encourage the art of angling to be raised in public estimation, as the following paragraph appended to her discourse shows :—

"And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone, whyche wolde desire it yf it were emprynted allone by itself, and put in a lytyll paunflet; therefore I haue compylyd it in a greter volume of dyuerse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men. To the intent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche scholde haue but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshyng sholde not by this meane vtterly dystroye it."

However, the good Prioress herself, or some one with or without her consent—the law of "copyright" then being as little understood or observed as it is now—republished the treatise in a separate form in the same year, entitling it *The Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle.* It was "Imprinted at London, by Wynkyn de Worde, dwellynge in Flete-street, at the sygne of the Sonne," and must have appeared very soon after the second edition of the *Book of St. Albans* in 1496. Here, then, we have the first printed volume of our angling literature; and only one copy of it is known to be in existence, though many MS. copies of it are to be found in the greater libraries, and at least ten printed editions of it appeared before the year 1600. One of the best fac-similes of the treatise, from the second edition of the *Book of St. Albans* of 1496, is that produced by Mr. Elliot Stock (Paternoster Row), in 1880, with a most interesting preface by the Rev. M. G. Watkins. This, like many other reprints of old books, which are one of the literary fashions of the day, is likely soon to become very

difficult to obtain, only a limited number of copies having been printed. The editions of the combined treatises of Dame Juliana Berners have been numerous. Mr. Stock has also reproduced in fac-simile the whole of the original *Book* of 1486.

Looking to the contents of the *Treatyse of Fysshynge* itself, admirers of old authors on the gentle craft can hardly be enthusiastic in its praise as a literary production, nor can modern anglers derive any useful knowledge from it. It is rather as a literary curiosity than as a book of practical value that it must be regarded, as the following extracts, which perhaps had better be given in the more modern English of later editions, will show. The Dame introduces her subject in this strain :—

"Solomon in his parables saith that a good spirit maketh a flowering age, that is, a fair age and a long. And sith it is so : I ask this question which be the means and the causes that induce a man into a merry spirit? Truly to my best discretion, it seemeth good disports and honest games in whom a man joyeth without any repentance after. Then followeth it that good disports and honest games be cause of man's fair age and long life. And, therefore, now will I choose of four good disports and honest games, that is to wit : of hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling."

She has no hesitation in saying, "The best to my simple discretion which is fishing, called angling with a rod, and a line, and a hook," and then she goes on to contrast it with various other sports :—

"Hunting as to my intent is too laborious, for the hunter must always run and follow his hounds travelling and sweating full sore ; he bloweth till his lips blister ; and when he weneth it be a hare, full oft it is a hedge-hog. Thus he chaseth and wots not what. He cometh home at even, rain-beaten, pricked, and his clothes torn, wet shod, all miry, some hound lost, some surbat. Such

griefs and many other happeneth unto the hunter, which for displeasance of them that love it I dare not report. Thus truly me seemeth that this is not the best disport and game of the said four. The disport and game of hawking is laborious and noisome also as me seemeth; for often the falconer loseth his hawks, as the hunter his hounds, then is his game and his disport gone; full often crieth he and whistleth till that he be right evil athirst. His hawk taketh a bow and list not once on him reward; when he would have her for to flee, then will she bathe; with misfeeding she shall have the fronce, the eye, the cray, and many other sicknesses that bring them to the souse. Thus by proof this is not the best game and disport of the said four. The disport and game of fowling me seemeth most simple, for in the winter season the fowler speedeth not, but in the most hardest and coldest weather; which is grievous; for when he would go to his gins he may not for cold. Many a gin and many a snare he maketh; yet sorrily doth he fare; at morn-tide in the dew he is wet shod unto his tail. Many other such I could tell, but dread of meagre maketh me for to leave. Thus me seemeth that hunting and hawking and also fowling be so laborious and grievous, that none of them may perform nor be very mean that induce a man to a merry spirit; which is cause of his long life according unto the said parable of Solomon."

The quaint passage is worth continuing:—

"Doubtless then followeth it that it must needs be the disport of fishing with an angle: for all other manner of fishing is also laborious and grievous; often making folks full wet and cold, which many times hath been seen cause of great infirmities. But the angler may have no cold nor no disease, but if he be causer himself. For he may not lose at the most but a line or a hook: of which he may have store plenty of his own making as this simple treatise shall teach him. So then his loss is not grievous, and other griefs may he not have, saving but if any fish break away after that he is taken on the hook, or else that he catch nought: which be not grievous. For if he fail of one, he may not fail of another, if he doth as this treatise teacheth; but if there be nought in the water. And yet at the least he hath his

wholesome walk and merry at his ease, a sweet air of the sweet savour of the mead flowers; that maketh him hungry. He heareth the melodious harmony of fowls. He seeth the young swans, herons, ducks, coots, and many other fowls with their broods; which me seemeth better than all the noise of hounds, the blast of horns, and the cry of fowls that hunters, falconers, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fish, surely there is no man merrier than he is in his spirit. Also whoso will use the game of angling, he must rise early, which thing is profitable to man in this wise, that is to wit, most to the heal of his soul. For it shall cause him to be holy, and to the heal of his body, for it shall cause him to be whole. Also to the increase of his goods, for it shall make him rich. As the old English proverb saith in this wise, whoso will rise early shall be holy, healthy, and zealous. Thus have I proved in my intent that the disport and game of angling is the very mean and cause that induceth a man into a merry spirit: which after the said parable of Solomon, and the said doctrine of physic, maketh a flowering age and a long. And therefore to all you that be virtuous, gentle, and free-born, I write and make this simple treatise, following by which ye may have the full craft of angling to disport you at your last, to the intent that your age may the more flower and the more longer to endure."

A curious instance of literary plagiarism may be mentioned in connection with this passage. That terribly long-winded but entertaining author, old Burton, of "melancholy anatomy," evidently had it in his eye as well as in his mind when he wrote—

"Fishing is a kinde of hunting by water, be it with nets, weeles, baits, angling, or otherwise, and yields all out as much pleasure to some men as dogs or hawks, when they draw their fish upon the bank," saith Nic. Henselius, *Silesiographiæ*, cap. 3, speaking of that extraordinary delight his countrymen took in fishing and making of pooles. James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book *De Pisc.*, telleth how, travelling by the highway-side in Silesia, he found a nobleman booted up to the groins, wading himself, pulling

the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all: and when some belike objected to him the baseness of his office, he excused himself, that if other men might hunt hares, why should not he hunt carpes? Many gentlemen in like sort, with us, will wade up to the armholes, upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that to satisfie their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scare be hired to undergo. Plutarch, in his book *De Soler. Animal.*, speaks against all fishing as a filthy, base, illiberall imployment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labour. But he that shall consider the variety of baits, for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, severall sleights, &c., will say, that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them; because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding, and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet; and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brook side, pleasant shade, by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smels of fine fresh meadow flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds; he sees the swans, herns, ducks, water hens, cootes, &c., and many other fowle with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all the sport that they can make."

But to return to our authoress—she is very minute in her instructions as to baits and tackle, "roddes," and "harnays" generally, and the "instrumentes" for making them. Among several curious woodcuts is one of hooks of eighteen sizes (of something like the "Limerick" bend), with thick shanks and beards, which she says are "the most subtle and hardest craft in the making of your harness;" and these are her directions for their production, given (as a specimen) in the old spelling :—

"For smalle fysshe ye shall make your hokes of the smalest quarell nedlye that ye can fynd of stele, and in this wise. Ye

shall put the quarell in a redde charkcole fyre tyll that it be of the same colour that the fyre is. Thenne take hym out and lete hym kele, and ye shall fynde hym well alayd [alloyed] for to fyle. Thenne rayse the berde with your knyfe, and make the poynt sharpe. Thenne alaye him agayn, for elles he woll breke in the bendyng. Thenne bende hym lyke to the bende fyguryd hereafter in example. Whan the hoke is bendyd bete the hynder ende abrode, and fyle it smothe for fretynge of thy lyne. Thenne put it in the fyre agayn, and yene it an easy redde hete. Thenne sodaynly quenche it in water, and it will be harde and strong."

"Good" anglers, who look on "trimmering" as a crime second only in enormity to wilful murder, and on "live-baiting" of any kind as a heinous misdemeanour, will be shocked to find our piscatory Dame giving directions for the latter, and adding—

"If ye lyst to have a good sporte, thenne tye the corde to a gose fote, and ye shall have a gode halynge, whether the gose or the pyke shall have the better."

The "twelve manere of ympedyments whyche cause a man to take noo fysshe" enumerated by the Prioress, may be useful in suggesting excuses which the angler with an empty creel is always supposed to produce for his want of success. They are, "1, badly-made harness; 2, bad baits; 3, angling at wrong time; 4, fish strayed away; 5, water thick; 6, water too cold; 7, wether too hot; 8, if it rain; 9, if hail or snow fall; 10, if there be a tempest; 11, if there be a great wynd; 12, if wind be east."

Our authoress concludes her treatise by giving all kinds of good advice. To rich anglers she says, "fish not in no poor man's water," and "break no man's gins." To all, "break no man's hedges," and "open no man's gates, but that ye shut them again." Anglers are to "use this foresaid crafty disport for no covetousness," but for "solace" and

health to both body and soul; not to take too many persons in their company, so that they may "not be let of their game" or prevented "serving God devoutly in saying affectuously their customable prayer;" and, lastly, they are not to be "too ravenous in taking game," or "to take too much at one time," which they "might lightly do, if in every point they do as this present treatise showeth them." With a final injunction to anglers, that they "nourish the game," and "destroy all such things as be devourers of it," she assures them that "if they do after this rule they shall have the blessing of God and St. Peter."

Whether "Mrs. Barnes" is entitled to the appellation of the "Diana of the English," and "this Rosa Bonheur of mediæval literature," with which Mr. Adams, in one of the Fisheries Handbooks, compliments her, though perhaps somewhat ironically, readers of the *Treatyse* must decide for themselves. They will certainly find in its quaint pages an ample fund of amusement.

But though the introduction of printing on the Continent, and the appearance of an English book on angling only a little more than twenty years after Caxton set up his printing press in Westminster, might have been thought likely to have soon called forth an abundance of piscatory literature, this was hardly the case. Among foreign authors of the sixteenth century on fish and fishing we find Dubravius, Bishop of Olmutz, who wrote on fish and fishponds in 1552; Heresbach, who, in 1594, published his four books on *Rustic Occupations*, one of which, on fishing, has been translated by Mr. Westwood in the *Angler's Note Book* of 1880; and others who followed much in their line. The names of Sannazarius the Italian poet, Olaus Magnus Archbishop of Upsala, Salviani, Ongaro, and Villifranci occur to the bibliographer; also those of Gesner and

Rondeletius; and later on in the seventeenth century (without paying due regard to chronological order) those of Du Bartas, Du Cange, Cats of Amsterdam, Aldrovandri, and Giannettasius. Several of the above, as readers of Izaak Walton remember, are frequently quoted by him, but the works of most of them will not repay study, being the products of a period singularly deficient in knowledge and the gift of scientific observation; while the poetical writers among them seldom rise above mediocrity. As a whole they have but little interest for English readers, whether anglers or otherwise; while in some cases they can hardly be considered as contributors to piscatorial literature at all, though they have been claimed as such by some bibliographers. Several of them find no place in the Bibliotheca Piscatoria.

We are naturally much more interested in the works of English writers, and with these it may be presumed that this little volume was intended to have most to do. However much our literary Prioress of Sopwell may have stimulated the practice of angling, she does not appear, as far as we know, to have stimulated angling authorship. It is not till the year 1590 that we come to another real angling author, Leonard Mascall, who at that date published his *Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, and all other instruments thereunto belonging*, a quaint black-letter quarto. With the exception of some remarks upon the "preservation of fish in ponds," and intructions for killing vermin, piscatorially it is no improvement upon Juliana. Indeed the portion relating to fish and fishing is mainly taken, though very clumsily, from the *Treatyse* of the Prioress; and thus Mascall set an example of literary theft, which has continued to be a feature of angling literature up to the present day. A copy of the first edition is in the

British Museum. In 1596 was published William Gryndall's *Hawking, Hunting, Fowling, and Fishing . . . now newly collected by W. G. Faulkener;* the "W. G." being the initials of the author, and the "Faulkener" a fancy name added because the volume contained some remarks on "*the maner and order in keeping of hawkes.*" It is little more than a reproduction of the *Book of St. Albans* with variations. Taverner followed in 1600 with *Certaine Experiments concerning Fish and Fruite* "by him published for the benefit of others."

The beginning of the seventeenth century introduces us to a new kind of fishing literature, which has been termed "Angling Spiritualised." It is forced and unnatural from a literary point of view, though in accordance with the fashion of symbolism in vogue among the Caroline divines. The "Old Fathers," in some instances, gave the cue to it, but many "reverend" authors and preachers who affected it, approached more than closely the confines of the ludicrous. We cannot, however, forget the many scriptural associations with fish and fishing. The first of the divines, of the period of which we are speaking, to come out strongly in this line, was Samuel Gardiner, D.D. He published in 1606 *A Booke of Angling or Fishing*, "wherein is showed, by conference with Scriptures, the agreement between the Fishermen, Fishes, and Fishing, of both Natures, Temporal and Spirituall . . . . Mat. iv. 19. I will make you fishers of men." The author summarises the contents of his book in two Latin verses, which he "delivers in English thus":—

> 'The Church I gouern as a shippe,
> Wee seae with world compare,
> The Scriptures are the enclosing nettes,
> And men the fishers are."

The nine chapters (162 pages), of which the book is composed, elaborate the idea with tedious simile and allegory. Hone, in his *Year Book* gives several extracts from it. There are only two known copies of the work, the one in the Bodleian, and the other in Mr. Huth's collection. A transcript, prepared for republication, was made by the Rev. H. S. Cotton, and is now in the Denison collection. The author was himself "a lover of the angle." In 1609 we have Dr. Rawlinson's sermon—*Fishermen Fishers of Men*—preached at Mercer's Chapel. Quaintly enough observes the worthy doctor :—

"Very likely, that while I thus launch forth into the deepe and cast my nette upon the face of the waters, it will fare with me as with other fishermen, who, among many fish, meet with some carps, and if by chance they alight upon a sturdy jack, there is great tug betwixt them, whether they shall catch the jack or the jack them."

And further on,

"It is fabled by the poet (Ovid, Met. iii. 8) that Bacchus began his empire by the transmutation of mariners into fishes. So doth Christ, the true Bacchus, bis genitus (God of the substance of His Father begotten before the world, and Man of the substance of His Mother, borne in the world), begin His Kingdome, even the Kingdome of His Gospel, with the metamorphising of men into fishes, yet doth He not either transubstantiate them into fishes, like those mariners, or ingulfe them into the bellie of a fish, like Jonas, or make them fish the one halfe, flesh the other, like Myrmaides—

'Ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.'

But herein will He have them to symbolize with fishes, that as fishes are caught lineis textis, with a net of twisted lines, so must they be lineis ex Scriptura contextis with the net of God's Word made out of lines taken out of the Scripture."

Several other divines followed in the same groove,

notably Dr. W. Worship in a sermon entitled *The Fisher*, in 1615, and the Rev. Jerome Phillips in one called *The Fisherman*, in 1623. Among laymen, the Hon. R. Boyle was a contributor to it with his *Reflections*, in 1665. This edition is rare; but there is a reprint of the book by Masson, of Oxford (1848). Readers can hardly be recommended to trouble themselves about it, except as a literary curiosity by a seventeenth century moraliser, who, after his kind, can spin out long strings of commonplace contemplations on such commonplace subjects as on "One's drinking water out of the brimes of his hat," and on "Catching a store of fish at a baited place." But this style of literature gradually died out as a better taste prevailed.

Resuming mention of those who may truly be called contributors to the literature of fishing, we come to one who was at first only modestly known by his initials, J. D. A notable work, of very great interest and literary merit, is *The Secrets of Angling: teaching the choicest Tooles, Baytes, and Seasons, for the taking of any fish, in Pond or River* . . . by J. D., Esquire. The first edition was published in 1613, and there are copies of it in the Bodleian Library, and in the collections of Mr. Denison and Mr. Huth. It is in the form of a poem in three books, but, though mention of it anticipates the chapter on English Poets of the Angles, it must here be introduced, because it may be fairly considered as a practical treatise on fish and fishing. Izaak Walton, who quotes from it, attributed it to "John Davors," and R. Howlett, in his "Angler's Sure Guide" (1706), to Dr. Donne; while it has also been credited to no less than six different poets of the name of "Davies"; but its authorship was finally determined in 1811, by the evidence of the books of the Stationers'

Company, in which the work was entered in 1612 as being by "John Dennys, Esquier." The author was very probably the son of Hugh Dennys, who came of an old Gloucestershire family, and was grandson of Sir Walter Dennys. John Dennys died in 1609, and was buried at Pucklechurch; and as Roger Jackson, for whom the poem was first printed in 1613, states in his dedicatory letter, that it was "sent to him to be printed after the death of the author," who "intended to have printed it in his life," there is every presumption that the author is now identified. There were four editions of the poem printed between 1613 and 1652. Only three *perfect* copies of the first edition are said to be in existence, one in the Bodleian, the second in the collection of Mr. Denison, and the third in that of Mr. Huth, from which last Mr. Arber produced his reprint in the first volume of the *English Garner* in 1877. Of the second edition Mr. Denison has the only copy known. It is supposed to have been printed in 1620, but the date, unfortunately, is cut off. The only copy of the third edition (1630) is also in Mr. Denison's collection. There are some variations in the different editions. On the title page of the first edition is an allegorical woodcut representing two men, one treading on a serpent, and with a sphere at the end of his line, while over his rod, on a label, is the inscription :—

"Hold, hooke and line,
Then all is mine."

The other with a fish on his hook, labelled thus :—

"Well fayre the pleasure
That brings such treasure."

The reprint of *The Secrets*, in possession of the writer, is by Mr. Thomas Westwood, and was published by W. Satchell

and Co., of Tavistock Street, only this year. Mr. Westwood very rightly does not approve of the "emendations" and "modernizations" in the orthography and syntax made by Mr. Arber in the reprint above mentioned, considering that they "rob the verse of much of its ancient air and aspect." He therefore gives us a "strictly faithful and literal transcript of the edition of 1613;" and this is certainly the reprint of which anglers and lovers of old literature should possess themselves. The length of the poem in this reprint runs to nearly forty pages of four stanzas each. It is "excellently well" done.

And now let us look into the poem itself. J. D.'s work has probably met with more general commendation from critics than any work connected with angling (hardly excepting the *Complete Angler*) in the whole range of literature. Beloe, in his "Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books," says of it that "perhaps there does not exist in the circle of English literature a rarer volume:" and Dr. Badham (attributing it, like Walton, to "Davors") calls it an "elaborately beautiful poem;" while in his preface to Stock's reproduction of *Dame Berners*, the Rev. M. G. Watkins holds that J. D.'s "verses have, perhaps, never been surpassed." J. D. was a poet as well as an angler born, and after Walton's immortal work, no higher compliment has ever been paid to the sport of angling. The poem contains much point, elevation of thought and sweetness, and subtlety of rhythm, as well as subtlety of diction in handling what, in itself, may be considered a prosaic subject, when mere instructions in in the art of angling are attempted in verse. It is replete also with apt classical allusions. To give a just idea of its scope and nature, perhaps it would be well to present the author's table of—

CONTENTS.

THE FIRST BOOKE CONTAINETH THESE THREE HEADS.

(1) The Antiquitie of Angling, with the Art of Fishing, and of Fish in Generall.
(2) The Lawfulnesse, Pleasure, and Profit Thereof, with all Objections Answered, Against it.
(3) To Know the Season, and Times to Provide the Tooles, and How to Choose the Best, and the Manner How to Make Them Fit to Take Each Severall Fish.

THE SECOND BOOKE CONTAINETH

(1) The Angler's Experience, How to Use His Tooles and Baytes, to Make Profit by His Game.
(2) What Fish is not Taken with Angle and What Is, and Which is Best for Health.
(3) In What Waters and Rivers to Finde Each Fish.

THE THIRD BOOKE CONTAINETH

(1) The Twelve Virtues and Qualities Which Ought to be in Every Angler.
(2) What Weather, Seasons, and Times of Yeere is Best and Worst, and What Houres of the Day is Best for Sport.
(3) To Know Each Fishes Haunt, and the Times to Take Them. Also an Obscure Secret of an Approved Bait Tending Thereunto.—D.

It is no easy task to select passages for quotation from a work of equal merit throughout, but the following will give a fair idea of it to those who have never perused the whole. After comparing the joys of angling with the distractions and excitements of town life and its pleasures, he "counts it better pleasure to behold"—

> "The hills and Mountaines raised from the Plaines,
> The plaines extended leuell with the ground,
> The ground deuided into sundry vaines,
> The vaines inclos'd with running riuers rounde,

The riuers making way through nature's chaine,
With headlong course into the sea profounde :
The surging sea beneath the valleys low,
The valleys sweet, and lakes that louely flowe.

" The lofty woods, the forrests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaues and branches fresh and greene,
In whose coole bow'rs the birds with chaunting song,
Doe welcome with thin quire the *Summer's* Queene,
The meadowes faire where *Flora's* guifts among,
Are intermixt the verdant grasse betweene,
The siluer skaled fish that softlie swimme
Within the brookes and Cristall watry brimme."

" All these, and many more of his creation,
That made the heauens, the *Angler* oft doth see,
And takes therein no little delectation,
To think how strange and wonderfull they be,
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his thoughts from other fancies free,
And whiles he lookes on these with joyfull eye,
His mind is rapt aboue the starry skye."

reminding us of Walton's lines, when he sings of the angler as one—

" Who with his angle and his books
Can think the longest day well spent ;
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent."

and of what was said of Walton, that he "made angling a medium for inculcating the most fervent piety and the purest morality."

Towards the close of the first book, after dwelling on the antiquity of angling, in which the rude implements of primitive man are described—the rod a bough torn from a tree, and hooks of hardwood thorns—he thus describes the progress of the art :—

" In this rude sorte began this simple Art,
And so remained in that first age of old,
When *Saturne* did *Amaltheas* horne impart
Vnto the world, that then was all of gold ;

The fish as yet had felt but little smart,
And were to bite more eager, apt, and bold;
And plenty still supplide the place againe
Of woefull want whereof we now complaine.

"But when in time the feare and dread of man
Fell more and more on every liuing thing,
And all the creatures of the world began
To stand in awe of this vsurping king,
Whose tyranny so farre extended than
That Earth and Seas it did in thraldome bring;
It was a work of greater paine and skill,
The wary Fish in lake or Brooke to kill.

"So, worse and worse, two ages more did passe,
Yet still this Art more perfect daily grew,
For then the slender Rod invented was,
Of finer sort than former ages knew,
And Hookes were made of siluer and of brasse,
And Lines of Hemp and Flaxe were framed new,
And sundry baites experience found out more,
Than elder times did know or try before.

"But at the last the Iron age drew neere,
Of all the rest the hardest, and most scant,
Then lines were made of Silke and subtile hayre,
And Rods of lightest Cane and hazell plant,
And Hookes of hardest steele inuented were,
That neither skill nor workemanship did want.
And so this Art did in the end attaine
Vnto that state where now it doth remaine."

thus showing that even in his time fish were becoming less plentiful, and gradually more "educated." He is more particular about his hooks than Dame Juliana aforesaid.

"That Hook I loue that is in compass round,
Like to the print that *Pegasus* did make
With horned hoofe upon *Thessalian* ground;
From whence forthwith *Parnassus'* spring outbrake,
That doth in pleasant waters so abound,
And of the *Muses* oft the thirst doth slake."

This rather suggests the "Pennell" bend of hook, though perhaps the "angle of impact" would be a little too "indirect" to suit the theory of the learned angler and "ancologist," Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell. Further, according to J. D., these are the qualities of a good hook:—

"His *Shank* should neither be too short nor long;
His point not ouer sharp nor yet too dull;
The substance good that may endure from wrong;
His Needle slender, yet both round and full,
Made of the right *Iberian* metal strong,
That will not stretch or break at every pull;
Wrought smooth and clean without one crack or knot,
And bearded like the wilde *Arabian* goat."

Nor does J. D. forget to give instructions, and very sensible ones too, even as to the garb of the angler, though he did not live in the "Cording" age:—

"And let your garments Russet be or gray,
Of colour darke, and hardest to descry:
That with the Raine or weather will away,
And least offend the fearfull Fishes eye:
For neither Skarlet nor rich cloth of ray
Nor colours dipt in fresh *Assyrian* dye,
Nor tender silkes, of Purple, Paule, or golde,
Will serue so well to keep off wet or cold."

His descriptions of the various baits to be used by anglers, and instructions in fishing for various fish, will in many instances hold good in the present day. Here is a picture of an angler "dibbing," or "dapping," for chub, trout, &c.:—

"See where another hides himselfe as slye,
As did *Acteon* or the fearefull Deere;
Behinde a withy, and with watchfull eye
Attends the bit within the water cleere,
And on the top thereof doth moue his flye,
With skilfull hand, as if he liuing were.
Soe how the *Chub*, the *Roche*, the *Dace*, and *Trout*,
To catch thereat doe gaze and swimme about.

"His Rod, or Cane, made darke for being seene,
The lesse to feare the warie Fishe withall:
The Line well twisted is, and wryught so cleane
That being strong, yet doth it shew but small,
His Hooke not great, nor little, but betweene,
That light vpon the watry brimme may fall,
The Line in length scant halfe the Rod exceedes,
And neither Corke, no Leade thereon it needes."

His description of gudgeon-fishing also stands now, if we only substitute a "Thames punt" for the "little boate," and for a "pole" the "small-tooth combe," as the Thames professionals call the "gudgeon-rake."

"Loe, in a little Boate where one doth stand
That to a Willow Bough the while is tide,
And with a pole doth stirre and raise the sand;
Where as the gentle streame doth softly glide,
And then with slender Line and Rod in hand,
The eager bit not long he doth abide.
Well Leaded is his Line, his Hooke but small,
A good big Corke to beare the stream withall.

"His baite the least red worme that may be found
And at the bottome it doth alwayes lye;
Whereat the greedy *Goodgion* bites so sound
That Hook and all he swalloweth by and by:
See how he strikes, and puls them vp as round
As if new store the play did still supply.
And when the bit doth dye or bad doth proue
Then to another place he doth remoue.

"This fish the fitted for a learner is
That in the Art delights to take some paine;
For as high flying Haukes that often misse
The swifter foules, are eased with a traine,
So to a young beginner yeeldeth this,
Such readie sport as makes him proue again
And leads him on with hope and glad desire,
To greater skill, and cunning to aspire."

It is curious to notice the variations from the first edition

of J. D., which Walton has in his quotation of six stanzas in the first edition of the *Complete Angler* (1653). All four editions of *The Secrets* had appeared before Walton's book, and it is difficult to say from which he quoted, or whether some part was quoted from memory; and the writer cannot, without reference, which would be a very difficult matter, state what variations occur in the editions themselves. But his idea is that Walton made the alterations "on his own hook," so to speak, and more particularly in the first stanza quoted. In the Westwood reprint of J. D. it reads thus:—

> "O let me rather on the pleasant Brinke
> Of *Tyne* and *Trent* possesse some dwelling place;
> Where I may see my Quill and Corke down sinke,
> With eager bit of *Barbill*, *Bleike*, or *Dace:*
> An on the World and his Creator thinke,
> While they proud *Thais* painted sheat imbrace.
> And with the fume of strong *Tobacco's* smoke,
> All quaffing round are ready for to choke."

In Walton's version it runs:—

> "Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
> Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place;
> Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink
> With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace;
> And on the world and my Creator think:
> Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace;
> And others spend their time in base excess
> Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness."

In addition to the other "variations," it will be seen that the three last lines of Walton's stanza are entirely substituted for those of J. D.; and as old Izaak was fond of his pipe, like the majority of "good" anglers, it is almost impossible to escape the conclusion that he deliberately made the substitution, because he would not help to

perpetuate what he considered an implied libel on the "divine herb."

The next piscatorial author to be mentioned is Gervase Markham, whose various works, and editions of them, are so various and complicated that no less than four and a half pages are devoted to them in the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria." All of them contain more or less of disquisitions on fish and fishing, combined with "Res rusticæ." His first work was published in 1613, the year of the 1st Edition of J. D., and was entitled *The English Husbandman*, in "two bookes." But the first book, and also the second part of the second book, were sold separately. It is in this second part, dated 1614, and known as *The Pleasures of Princes; Goodman's Recreations*, that we find "a discourse on the general art of fishing with an angle, &c.," which is evidently a prose version of J. D.'s *Secrets*, or, as Mr. Westwood calls it, "a transmigration," adding that "the transmuting process was effected by no unskilful hand, and without too much sacrifice of the precious metal of the original," a compliment which very few such experiments deserve. "This small Treatise in Rime, now, for the better understanding of the reader, put into prose," as Markham speaks of it in his *Country Contentments*, &c. (6th Ed., 1649), is interesting as a contemporary recognition, and the only one, of J. D. It would answer no good purpose to enumerate the many productions of Markham, extending as they did, down to the year 1707. One in the possession of the writer, entitled *A Way to Get Wealth* (1653), has already been mentioned in Chapter I., and its further title, "Containing six principall Vocations or Callings in which every good Husband or Housewife may lawfully employ themselves," suggests the kind of Olla Podrida volumes produced by our author. It contains

descriptions of, and instructions on, almost every conceivable country business and recreation, dissertations on physic, chyrurgery, cookery, brewing, horticulture, book-keeping, distilling, "ordering of feasts," the enrichment of the Weald in Kent—*cum multis aliis quæ nunc describere longum est.*

It is very probable that Markham received some extraneous help in the composition of some of his treatises; but presuming them to be his own productions, let us take one or two specimens of his style. For example—

"Since Pleasure is a Rapture, or power in this last Age, stolne into the hearts of men, and there lodged up with such a carefull guard and attendance, that nothing is more supreme, or ruleth with greater strength in their affections, and since all are now become the sounes of Pleasure, and every good is measured by the delight it produceth; what worke unto men can be more thankfull then the Discourse of that pleasure which is most comely, most honest, and giveth the most liberty to Divine Meditation? And that without all question is the Art of Angling, which having ever bin most hurtlessly necessary, hath bin the Sport or Recreation of God's Saints, of most holy Fathers, and of many worthy and Reverend Divines, both dead, and at this time breathing."

Our author's ideal of an angler is a very high one. He must be, to use a common expression, a superlatively "good all-round man"—*ad omnia paratus.*

"A skilfull Angler ought to be a generall scholler, and seene in all the liberall sciences, as a grammarian, to know how either to write or discourse of his art in true and fitting termes, either without affectation or rudeness. Hee should have sweetness of speech to perswade and intice others to delight in an exercise so much laudable. Hee should have strength of arguments to defend and maintaine his profession against envy or slander. Hee should have knowledge in the sunne, moone, and starres, that by their aspects hee may guesse the seasonableness, or

unseasonableness of the weather, the breeding of the stormes, and from what coasts the winds are ever delivered.

"Hee should be a good knower of countries, and well used to high wayes, that by taking the readiest pathes to every lake, brook, or river, his journies may be more certaine and lesse wearisome. Hee should have knowledge of proportions of all sorts, whether circular, square, or diametricale, that when hee shall be questioned of his diurnal progresses, he may give a geographical description of the angles and channels of rivers, how they fall from their heads, and what compasses they fetch in their several windings. He must also have the perfect art of numbering, that in the sounding of lakes or rivers, hee may know how many foot or inches each severally contayneth, and by adding, substracting, or multiplying the same, hee may yield the reason of every river's swift or slow current. Hee should not be unskillfull in musick, that whensoever either melancholy, heavinesse of his thought, or the perturbation of his owne fancies, stirreth up sadnesse in him, he may remove the same with some godly hymne or antheme, of which David gives him ample examples.

"Hee must then be full of humble thoughts, not disdaining, when occasion commands, to kneele, lye down, or wet his feet or fingers, as oft as there is any advantage given thereby unto the gaining the end of his labour. Then hee must be strong and valiant, neither to be amazed with stormes nor affrighted with thunder, but to hold them according to their natural causes and the pleasure of the Highest: neither must he like the foxe which preyeth upon lambs, imploy all his labour against the smallest frie, but, like the lyon, that seazeth elephants, thinke the greatest fish which swimmeth a reward little enough for the paines which he endureth. Then must he be prudent, that apprehending the reasons why the fish will not bite, and all other casuall impediments which hinder his sport, and knowing the remedies for the same, he may direct his labours to be without troublesomenesse."

But here we had better say farewell to Gervase Markham, lest angling readers should feel too proud in con-

templating the picture painted of them, or too desponding at the thought of how far they fall below the high standard set before them.

In 1614 also was published *A Jewel for Gentrie*, shortly described in the Bibliotheca Piscatoria as "a repetition of the book of St. Alban, somewhat methodised and polished." And now we pass on to an important work published shortly before the appearance of Walton's *Complete Angler*. This is Thomas Barker's *Art of Angling, wherein are discovered many rare secrets very necessary to be known by all that delight in that recreation.* It was published in 1651, *i.e.* two years before Walton's book, and another edition appeared, without the author's name, in 1653, *i.e.* the same year as Walton's. In 1657 the work appeared with the additional title of *Barker's Delight* prefixed, and by this name it is generally known, though on the title-page it is termed "the second edition," *i.e.* of the *Art of Angling*, of which it is an enlargement. Another edition was published in 1659, and there have been "Reprints" of this and the editions of 1651 and 1653, but both these and the originals are rare. *Barker's Delight*, having been called by himself "The Second Edition," has led to much confusion, and bibliographers, in dealing with him, unfortunately perpetuated this by speaking of the different editions without sufficient indications whether they are referring to the original *Art of Angling* or the *Delight*, and even in the Bibliotheca Piscatoria the reader gets sorely puzzled. Barker seems to have been a *chef*, as he says in his *Delight*:—"I have been admitted into the most Ambassadors that have come to England this forty years, and do wait on them still at the Lord Protector's charge, and I am duly paid for it." This statement, however, does not necessarily imply that he was an actual cook, though his

many directions about the cookery of fish show him well versed in the mageiric art, and he also states that he takes as much pleasure in the "dressing of fish as in the taking of them." Barker also tells us that he was no scholar:—"I doe crave pardon for not writing Scholler like," and only professes to give the result of his own "experience and practice." The *Delight* of 1659 was dedicated to "The Right Honourable Edward Lord Montague, Generall of the Navy, and one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury," and in the "Author's Epistle" he throws down this chivalrous challenge:—

"I am now grown old . . . . I have written no more but my own experience and practice. . . . If any noble or gentle angler, of what degree soever he be, have a mind to discourse of any of these wayes and experiments, I live in Henry the 7th's Gifts, the next door to the Gatehouse in Westm. My name is Barker, where I shall be ready, as long as please God, to satisfie them, and maintain my art, during life, which is not like to be long."

No doubt if old Barker were now in the flesh, he would be to the fore in "Angling Sweepstakes," and ready to dispute with any one for a wager the title of "Champion Roach-fisher," which is affected by modern adepts in this art.

Some idea of Barker's quaintness of style may be gathered from the following passage, with which the body of the work begins:—

"Noble Lord, under favour, I will compliment and put a case to your Honour. I met with a man, and upon our discourse, he fell out with me, having a good weapon but neither stomach nor skill: I say this man may come home by Weeping Cross, I will cause the clerk to toll his knell. It is the very like case to the gentleman angler that goeth to the river for his pleasure: this

angler hath neither judgment nor experience, he may come home light-laden at his leisure."

To Barker must be given the credit, or rather discredit, of discovering and counselling the use of salmon-roe as a bait. He says :—

"I have found an experience of late, which you may angle with, and take great store of fish. . . . The bait is the roe of a salmon, or trout, if it be a large trout, that the spawnes be anything great. If I had but known it twenty years ago, I would have gained a hundred pounds, onely with this bait. I am bound in duty to divulge it to your Honour, and not to carry it to my grave with me. The greedy angler will murmur at me, but for that I care not."

Following, too, in the wake of Dame Juliana Berners, he recommends the "goose-trimmer"—

"The principal sport to take a pike is to take a goose or gander, or duck: take one of the pike lines, tie the line under the left wing, and over the right wing, about the body, as a man weareth his belt; turn the goose off into the pond where the pikes are; there is no doubt of sport, with great pleasure, betwixt the goose and the pike; it is the greatest sport and pleasure that a noble gentleman in Shropshire doth give his friends entertainment with."

Barker brings us to what may be called the Waltonian era, which will be dealt with in the next chapter; and it must be confessed that, from a purely critical point of view, our fishing literature of the period just traversed cannot be held in very high estimation. A good deal of it is interesting enough for its originality and quaintness, and also for the insight it gives us into the art of fishing as practised by our forefathers, and the "engines" and baits they used in præ-Waltonian times; and, it may almost be added, for its evidence of rank plagiarism among

many authors. It has its interest, too, and value from a bibliographical standpoint. But beyond this, little can be said in its praise. Allowance, however, must be made, in consideration of "the state of learning" during many generations after the introduction of printing, and of the somewhat limited range of the subject treated of by piscatorial authors. Doubtless among those of the period we have been surveying, J. D. stands out as the "bright particular star"—*velut inter ignes luna minores.*

CHAPTER IV.

IZAAK WALTON—HIS CONTEMPORARIES AND SUCCESSORS TO END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE very mention of the name—*clarum et venerabile*—of Izaak Walton in connection with the literature of angling, suggests a task of far greater magnitude than can be here accomplished, especially as the notices of authors before his time have stretched to far greater length than was anticipated, and those after him have yet to be dealt with. Indeed a volume of no slight dimensions would be required to do justice to Walton and his book; and even a bibliographical record of the various phases and mutations of the *Complete Angler* as Mr. Westwood has shown in his "Chronicle of Izaak Walton" (1864), affords subject matter for a volume in itself, and yet be unexhausted. This will be even better understood when it is mentioned that the fifty-three editions chronicled by Mr. Westwood in his volume just mentioned have been increased to ninety by himself and his coadjutor Mr. Satchell, and that their enumeration, with short bibliographical notes on some of them, takes up no less than twenty pages in the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*. A new edition of the "Chronicle" is now in the press, with notes and additions, by T. Satchell.

Let us glance at a few of the chief of these "Waltons." The first edition of the *Complete Angler* was published in 1653, and it was duly advertised by "the enterprising publisher" of the period. The announcement ran in

The Perfect Diurnall from the 9th to the 16th of May, 1653, thus :—

> "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers, of 18 pence price. Written by Iz. Wa. . . . . printed for Richard Marriot, to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstan's Churchyard. Fleet Street."

It was similarly advertised in the *Mercurius Politicus* from the 19th to the 26th of May.

There was no indication of the name of the author on the title-page, and he only signs himself Iz. Wa. at the foot of the "Letter of Dedication" to John Offley, and of the "Address to the Reader." The first sentence, ending with "Recreation," of the title was engraved on a scroll, which has "classic" dolphins above and below, with a string of fish pendent on either side, and the whole resting on a shell. It is a curious fact that the word "Com*pleat*" which appears on the scroll is printed "Com*plete*" on all the pages of the book, and since then the word seems to have been printed indiscriminately in either form, according to the fancy of Walton's editors, though most editions have "Comp*lete*." On the title-page also appeared the text—"Simon Peter said, I go a fishing ; and they said, we also will go with thee. John 21, 3." A well preserved and perfect copy of this edition is now worth about £50, and perhaps more, and he who obtains one becomes in his way as much of a hero as the owner of a winner of the Derby, or the capturer of the largest salmon or Thames trout of the season. The second edition, published in 1655, was

"much enlarged," indeed almost rewritten by the author; commendatory verses by seven writers are for the first time inserted; a third interlocutor in the person of *Auceps* is introduced; and *Venator* is substituted for *Viator*. It has been surmised that these characters were suggested to Walton by the work of Heresbach, mentioned in the last chapter. The third and fourth editions appeared in 1661 and 1668, corrected and enlarged, but not to the same extent as that of 1655. We now come to the fifth and very important edition, from the fact that it was the last in which Walton had a hand, or which was published in his lifetime. It appeared in 1676. Seven years later, and the old man laid down his pen as he had already laid aside his rod, and full of years and honours was gathered to his rest. This edition was in three parts, which, as indicated on the title-page, might "be bound together or sold each of them severally." The first part was Walton's own *Complete Angler;* the second consisted of *Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream*, written at the request of Walton by his intimate friend, and brother angler Charles Cotton, of Beresford; and the third, *The Experienced Angler*, by Colonel Robert Venables. The whole were comprised under the title of *The Universal Angler*. These five editions together not very long ago realised over £100, but this is probably a little above their market value.

Except on the supposition that Walton's work for an interval lacked appreciation, or that the sport of angling did not increase in popularity, it is difficult to account for the great gap between the fifth edition of 1657 and the sixth, which did not make its appearance till 1750. This last was the work of the Rev. Moses Browne, the author of *Piscatory Eclogues*, to whom we shall refer

in a later chapter, and claims note from the fact that its editor had the bad taste, to say the least of it, to tamper with his author, under the idea that by pruning, amending, and adding to the original text, he was adapting it to the supposedly refined taste of the time. Reverend lovers of old Izaak can only regard Browne's work as next door to sacrilege. In 1760 another editor comes on the stage in the person of Mr. John (afterwards Sir John) Hawkins. Subsequent editions and reprints of Hawkins, which number some twenty-five in all, covering at intervals a period stretching down to 1857, abound with notes, explanatory, critical, historical, and biographical, and much useful miscellaneous information. Moses Browne figures again as a Waltonian editor in 1772, and some interest attaches to his edition of this year, because it is said it was undertaken at the suggestion of Dr. Johnson, who, though ever to be execrated by anglers for his "worm and fool" libel, was one of the foremost admirers of the *Complete Angler*. Major's first edition was published in 1823, and was followed by another in 1824, both being well supplied with copper-plate and wood engravings, which took the public fancy. The first edition issued by Mr. Pickering, the publisher, dates in the year 1825, and was followed by others from the same house, the most important of which was that of 1835-6, in two grand imperial octavo volumes. It was edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, and profusely illustrated by Stothard and Inskipp. Though open to criticism in some respects, it is a noble tribute to Walton, and must ever remain one of the grandest ornaments of an angler's library. Other editions of Nicolas have been published, and the last, of 1875, will be found an excellent book of general reference on all matters Waltonian. A special feature of the Nicolas

editions is the division of Walton's dialogues into "Five Days," which thus bring out the dramatic character of the work. In Walton's first edition, though it is divided by the author into thirteen chapters, the dialogue evidently occupies five separate days, and "spaces" in the printing show where the conversation ends on each night. Major's fourth edition was published in 1844, and of it Mr. Westwood, in his *Chronicle*, says that "it approaches more nearly to our ideal of an edition consistent in all its parts than any of its predecessors or successors." The Rev. Dr. Bethune, an American, speaking of the illustrations in it, says, "Art could scarcely go further, and no more elegant volume could find a place in a library." Dr. Bethune is no mean judge, for he also has entered the lists as an editor of Walton, and is one of the most ardent admirers of the *Complete Angler* beyond the great ocean. His first edition was published in New York in 1847, and contains almost all one would seek to know about Walton and his work, and much interesting matter of all kinds, including papers on American fishing, and a very extensive catalogue of works on angling. It is well worthy of the commendation awarded to it by Mr. Westwood, when he says that "nowhere else do we find united so complete a body of angling-book statistics, and so large an accumulation of collateral data." Dr. Bethune's second edition appeared in 1880, with some additions and corrections. No angler's library should be without a Bethune. The editions by "Ephemera" (Edward Fitzgibbon) are well known; the first appeared in 1853, and the last in 1878. Christopher Davies, whose admirable work on the East Anglian broads and rivers has just been published, is among the recent editors of Walton, his volume being dated 1878. The very last *Complete Angler*, published only two or three

months ago, and consequently not included in the *Bibliotheca*, is another "Major," from the firm of Nimmo & Bain (King William Street, W.C.). It is most beautifully printed, handsomely bound, and profusely illustrated by masters of the limning art, two impressions of each of eight original etchings being, the one on Japanese, and the other on Whatman paper. This edition will hold its own among the best. Only 500 copies were printed, and it is now very difficult to obtain one.

The lovers and admirers of Walton, anglers and literary men who know their *Complete Angler* well, its associations and history, and have the privilege, if only occasionally, of spending pleasant hours in a Waltonian library, can readily sympathise with the words and feelings of Mr. Westwood, when on the completion of his "Chronicle," on which he had so long and lovingly laboured, he says:—

"Here our task ends—the ultimate milestone on the long road of more than two hundred years being reached at last. Through our window, as we write these closing lines, streams cheerily (and with a skimmer of young leaves and buzzing of insect wings), the May sunshine—that sunshine that, of yore, gladdened Piscator on his way through the Leaside meadows to his sport at matin-song, and that broods, we are fain to believe, with a softened radiance now, on his honoured grave in the grey pile of Winchester. Peace be to his ashes!—for his fame we have no fear; the bygone centuries have given their consecration to his work, the centuries to come will ratify that consecration anew. How much of good and great the future may have in store for it, it is not our province to predict. Suffice it that looking up to the shelves of our Angling Library, and to the *Fifty-three* several editions chronicled in these pages, we must say already for the Father of Fishermen, what he were too modest to say for himself could he return amongst us—

"Si monumentum requiris
Circumspice!"

But though the time and treasure expended on these many editions have raised a mighty monument to the fame of Walton—*ære perennius*—still it may be questioned whether a further multiplication of them would answer any good purpose, unless an edition has got something really new and important to contribute to "Waltonology." It seems unreasonable that authors should merely edit a Walton, as some seem to have done, for the sole purpose of overloading it with notes—more suitable for digestion into the form of an "Angler's Manual." Perhaps to some the *raison d'être* of an edition of the *Complete Angler* may be the alleged fact that there are in existence five hundred collectors who make a point of buying a copy of every one that comes out; but it is possible to have too much even of a good thing. It is a different matter with *éditions de luxe*. Such an one was recently contemplated by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., to be edited by Mr. Francis Francis, whose illness is deplored by the literary as well as angling world. All rejoice to hear that he is now progressing towards recovery, and it is to be hoped that the publishers with his assistance may yet be able to carry out their intentions. What would the angler-bibliophilist give for the production of another *old* Walton, which may have hitherto escaped the notice of bibliographers? This is an age of discovery of antiquities, literary and otherwise, and though we do not wish to give encouragement to piscatorial Shapiras (or Saphiras), the finder of a genuine *old* Walton on any skin would surely have his reward. Are *all* cupboards, shelves, and chests, in out-of-the-way nooks and corners yet exhaustively searched?

An admirable facsimile reprint of the first edition of the *Complete Angler* was executed by Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster Row, in 1876, the very tint and texture of the

antique paper being reproduced, with the small pages of "fat" type and its long s's; while the art of photography revived the Delphinic title-page, the quaint head-pieces, and the "cuts" of the terrible fish. But like the original first edition, it is now very scarce.

The *Complete Angler* was well received by Walton's contemporaries, of whom "Delightful" Barker was one; and to him Walton in the "Fourth Day" acknowledges himself indebted for his "directions for fly-fishing," which he, through the medium of *Piscator*, proceeds to give "with a little variation." Richard Franck, however, a Cromwellian trooper, an Independent of the sour Puritan type, and a stupendously pretentious writer, but an angler of some experience, was the exception. In his *Northern Memoirs* (in which he gives an account of fly-fishing in Scotland), published in 1694, though (as he says on his title-page) "writ in 1658," does not hesitate to charge full tilt against Walton on this wise—

"However, Izaak Walton (late author of the *Compleat Angler*) has imposed upon the world this monthly novelty, which he understood not himself; but stuffs his books with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except otherwise where he prefers the trencher before the trolling-rod; who lays the stress of his arguments upon other men's observations, wherewith he stuffs his indigested octavo; so brings himself under the angler's censure, and the common calamity of a plagiary, to be pitied (poor man) for his loss of time, in scribbling and transcribing other men's notions. These are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees they bring them honey."

This is a hard hit; and it would appear that the author, who was also a practical angler and salmon-fisherman, had on one occasion a personal argument on matters piscatorial (and perhaps religious and poetical) with Walton. Sir

Walter Scott, however, who, in 1821, published an edition of Franck with preface and notes, comes to Walton's rescue, though he credits Franck with practical angling knowledge. He says :—

"Probably no readers while they read the disparaging passages in which the venerable Izaak Walton is introduced, can forbear wishing that the good old man, who had so true an eye for Nature, so simple a taste for her most innocent pleasures, and withal, so sound a judgment, both concerning men and things, had made this northern tour instead of Franck; and had detailed in the beautiful simplicity of his Arcadian language, his observations on the scenery and manners of Scotland. Yet we must do our author the justice to state, that he is as much superior to the excellent patriarch Izaak Walton, in the mystery of fly-fishing, as inferior to him in taste, feeling, and common sense. Franck's contests with salmon are painted to the life, and his directions to the angler are generally given with great judgment."

Byron, who had seldom a good word for any one, had his fling at old Izaak, when he says—

> "And angling, too, that solitary vice,
> Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
> The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

Some persons say they can see an expression of cruelty in Walton's portraits!

And even a modern author on angling, who must at least be given credit for the courage of his opinions, says of Walton and his book—

"I am free to confess I have derived neither pleasure nor profit. There is no doubt that in his day the worthy citizen was an excellent angler; he was also a simple-minded, kindly, prosy, and very vain old gentlewoman . . . . I would not whisper it at the "Walton's Head" or the "Walton's Arms," or hint at it at the "Jolly Anglers" or the "Rest," or any other resort of his

so-called disciples, but to my readers I will impart my private conviction, that there is now at least little practically to be learnt from Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, and that the reading of it is rather heavy work than otherwise."

Every one has a right, as it is said, to his own opinion, and to the pleasure derived from thinking that singularity may be mistaken for cleverness. And there is such a thing as the deficiency of a reader being visited on a writer. But perhaps in reference to no book ever written has there been such a universal chorus of praise, from the day of its publication to the present time; and for once in a way the showers of "commendatory verses," which after a fashion of the time fell on the *Complete Angler*, were justly deserved. A very long *catena* of eminent critics, past and present, might be adduced who speak in the highest terms of the book and the author's literary merits, which he showed also in his admirable Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson. Not to go back very far, Dr. Johnson, as before mentioned, was a great admirer of Walton; and Charles Lamb thus writes to Coleridge in a letter dated October 28, 1796:—

"Among all your quaint readings did you ever light upon Walton's *Complete Angler*? I asked you the question once before; it breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianize every discordant, angry passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it."

Hazlitt, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, and Hallam, all considered the *Complete Angler* as a triumph of literary skill. The last-mentioned says that our "Golden age" of literature began "with him who has never since been rivalled in grace, humour, and invention," and he adds—

"Walton's *Compleat Angler*, published in 1653, seems by the title a strange choice out of all the books of half a century; yet its simplicity, its sweetness, its natural grace, and happy intermixture of graver strains with the precepts of angling, have rendered this book deservedly popular, and a model which one of the most famous among our late philosophers, and a successful disciple of Izaak Walton in his favourite art (Sir Humphrey Davy) has condescended (in his *Salmonia*) to imitate."

Among the most recent weighty testimonies to Walton as an author was that accorded to him a few years ago by the Dean of Lichfield on the unveiling of a marble bust of Walton in St. Mary's Church, Stafford, in which town he was born, and in which church he was baptized in 1593. The Dean also dwelt eloquently on Walton's character; but as that does not directly concern us here, suffice it to say that from what is well known of his life, it accorded with a very high Christian standard. He was remarkable for his integrity, his simplicity, his peaceable disposition, for the warmth and steadfastness of his friendship, for his loyalty to his sovereign, for his humility and devotion towards God. The times in which he lived were amongst the most critical in our national history. His long life stretched over the last ten years of Elizabeth's reign, and reached onwards to within two years of the end of that of Charles II., and during the whole of that eventful period "honest Izaak" (as he was called by his familiars) pursued the even tenour of his way, mourning over the calamities which he could not avert, thanking God for the measure of good which he enjoyed, and endeavouring to stamp on others the impress of his own pure and contented spirit.

December the 15th next will be the two hundredth anniversary of his death beneath the shadow of Winchester Cathedral, in which his body lies. We would venture to suggest that it would be well and appropriate that some

special notice should be taken of this bicentenary of his departure. And might not a more worthy monument be raised to him within the Cathedral walls or elsewhere?

Even in this critical age the *Complete Angler* is acknowledged to be one of the most perfect idylls written in any age or country. As Guillim is to the herald, Blackstone to the legist, and Hawker to the fowler, so is Walton to the disciples of the "gentle art;" and though many of the ichthyological statements in the *Complete Angler* are not in accordance with the modern knowledge of zoology, or its angling directions a reliable guide to modern fishermen, it will doubtless remain a standard English classic "for all time," and the best *Anglers Companion*, "which age cannot wither nor custom stale." The angling bibliographer and poet-angler, Mr. Westwood, thus sings its praises in his *Lay of the Lea*:—

"Now in the noontide heat
Here I take my seat.
Izaak's book beguiles the time—of Izaak's book I say,
Never dearer page
Gladden'd youth or age;
Never sweeter soul than his bless'd the merry May.

"For while I read,
'Tis as if, indeed,
Peace and joy and gentle thoughts from each line were welling;
As if earth and sky
Took a tenderer dye,
And as if within my heart fifty larks were trilling.

"Ne'er should angler stroll,
Ledger, dap, or troll,
Without Izaak in his pouch on the banks of Lea;—
Ne'er with worm or fly
Trap the finny fry,
Without loving thoughts of him, and—*Benedicite!*"

There is no need to give quotations from a book that

most anglers know by heart, but if immediately after the encomiums on Walton the bathos be not too painful, we will reproduce the famous "frog" passage, and directions for "live-baiting." This is the first passage—

"Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how: I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth and out at his gills; and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg, above the upper joint, to the armed-wire; and, in so doing, use him *as though you loved him*, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer."

And this is the second, which shows that Walton did not repudiate the ideas of Dame Juliana Berners, or of his friend Barker :—

"Or if you bait your hooks thus with live fish or frogs, and in a windy day, fasten them thus to a bough or bundle of straw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move across a pond or mere, you are like to stand still on the shore and see sport presently, if there be any store of pikes. Or these live baits may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a goose or duck, and she chased over a pond. And the like may be done with turning three or four live baits, thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to swim down a river, whilst you walk quietly alone on the shore, and are still in expectation of sport. The rest must be taught you by practice; for time will not allow me to say more of this kind of fishing with live baits."

The "bottles of hay or flags" thus early suggest the "liggering" business, by which sportsmen (save the mark)

have well-nigh depopulated of their jack some of the best Norfolk "Broads."

And now by way of contrast we will add the famous—it might almost be said "immortal"—passage anent the nightingale, which more than one divine have quoted in their sermons and commentaries—

"But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that, at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music has thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on Earth.'"

Among Walton's contemporaries who were writers on fish and fishing Barker has been already mentioned. Colonel Robert Venables too, a strong royalist, has been spoken of as the writer of the *Experienced Angler*, which was first published in 1662 (though Mr. Estcourt says 1661), and afterwards in the *Universal Angler*, or fifth edition of Walton, in 1676. This treatise has gone through six editions, the last dating 1827. The second edition, the date of which is uncertain, was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. Walton contributed a courtly commendation of the volume addressed to his "ingenious friend the author"; but though there is some fair reading in it, it cannot rank in a high class of its kind. The remarks of the Colonel on what was two centuries ago, and is still, a *vexata quæstio*, namely, the respective merits of "up" and "down" stream fishing, are in favour of the "downites." They will give an example of his style :—

"Fish are frightened with any, the least, sign or motion; there-

fore by all means keep out of sight, either by sheltering yourself behind some bush or tree, or by standing so far off the River's side, that you can see nothing but your flie or flote; to effect this, a long Rod at ground, and a long Line with the artificial flie, may be of use to you. And here I meet with two different opinions and practices; some always cast their flie and bait up the water, and so they say nothing occurreth to Fishes sight but the Line: others fish down the River, and so suppose (the Rod and Line being long) the quantity of water takes away or at least lesseneth the Fishes sight: but the other affirm, that Rod and Line, and perhaps yourself, are seen also. In this difference of opinions I shall only say, in small Brooks you may angle upwards, or else in great Rivers you must wade, as I have known some, who thereby got the Sciatica, and I would not wish you to purchase pleasure at so dear a rate; besides, casting up the River you cannot keep your Line out of the water, which we noted for a fault before; and they that are this way confess that if in casting your flie, the Line fall into the water before it, the flie were better uncast, because it frights the Fish; then certainly it must do it this way, whether the flie fall first or not, the Line must first come to the Fish and fall on him, which undoubtedly will fright him: therefore my opinion is that you angle down the River, for the other you traverse twice so much, and beat not so much ground as downwards."

The length of this last sentence, its composition and punctuation, are to be noted. The Colonel was hardly good company for Walton and Cotton.

Cotton, Walton's other collaborateur in the *Universal Angler* (or fifth edition), and great personal friend, has already been mentioned. His remarks on trout and grayling fishing are still for the most part sound; and his literary work, which like Walton he threw into dialogue form, does not fall far below the standard of "the master." It was Walton, Cotton, and Venables, the three joint parents of the *Universal Angler*, that the anonymous

author of *The Innocent Epicure*, first published in 1697, thus apostrophises :—

> "Hail great Triumvirate of Angling! hail,
> Ye who best taught, and here did best excel."

But, as it has been remarked in reference to Dame Juliana Berners' treatise, that it gave no stimulus to angling authorship, so it may be noted in reference to the Walton and Cotton's *Complete Angler*, that it seems to have had the effect of making anglers rather shy of authorship. Perhaps this may be construed into a compliment to the joint authors ; but anyhow, the fact remains that during a period of a hundred years, dating from the fifth edition of the *Complete Angler*, or, as it might be put, down to the end of the eighteenth century, but a very few works on angling made their appearance, though the *Complete Angler* by that time had gone through fifteen editions. Barlow's extremely scarce book, *The severale wayes of hunting, hawking, and fishing, according to the English manner*, was published in 1671.

In 1674 appeared the *Gentleman's Recreation*, by Nicholas Cox, another of those strange "combination" books, containing treatises on several sports and country pastimes, and all kinds of odds and ends connected with rural pursuits. Such volumes for a long period are a marked feature of the literature connected with fish and fishing. But Cox's book is a bad sample of its kind, though it has gone through several editions. In the first place, it is not an original book, but a compilation, or rather a "cribbing," from Gervase Markham and other authors ; and in the second place, the author is a dealer in miracles, marvels, superstitions, astrology, necromancy, and what not. The *Accomplisht Ladies' Delight*, published in the following year,

is another "combination and compilation" volume, in which the author (probably a lady) gives directions for "preserving, physick, beautifying, and cookery," and "also some new and excellent secrets and experiments in the art of angling," which latter are freely borrowed from Barker, Walton, and others. The book is interesting, as giving evidence that there were lady anglers at this period; and part v. of the tenth edition (1719) is entitled "The female angler, instructing ladies, &c."

Mr. W. Gilbert's *Angler's Delight* of 1676, is a quaint book, of which the author says in the title—"The like never before in print!" He gives his readers "the method of fishing in Hackney Marshes, and the names of the best stands there," and bids them "go to Mother Gibert's, at the Flower de Luce, at Clapton, near Hackney," where "whilst you are drinking a pot of ale, bid the maid make you two or three pennyworth of ground-bait and some paste (which they do very neatly and well)." He suggests an angler's outfit as follows: "A good coat for all weathers; an apron to put your ground-bait, stones, and paste in; a basket to put your fish in, &c., ... and if you have a boy to go along with you, a good neat's tongue and a bottle of Canary should not be wanting; to the enjoyment of which I leave you." A few weeks ago a barbel was taken in the Thames as low as Chelsea; but our author speaks of this fish frequenting London Bridge in his time. In a later edition he tells us how to "fox fish" with what he calls "Oculus India Berries;" but he cautions his readers "that they practice not this without a licence from the owners, least the whipping-post or pillory be their reward." Chetham's *Angler's Vade-mecum* was first published in 1681. The authors of the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" credit him with being an "original" writer, and not a mere

manual compiler, adding that he is "never servile, nor plagiaristic, always honest, sometimes a little surly." He touches on the still vexed question of the mixture of silk and hair in fishing-lines, declaring in favour of "all of hair or all of silk." The following recipe for an unguent to allure fish, and its use cannot fail to provoke a smile :—

"Of Man's Fat, Cat's Fat, Heron's Fat, and of the best Assa-fœtida, of each two Drams; Mummy, finely powdered, two Drams; Cummin-seed finely powdered, two Scruples, and of Camphor, Galbanum, and Venice Turpentine of each one Dram; Civet-grains two. Make according to Art, all into an indifferent thin Oyntment, with the Chymical Oyls of Lavender, Annise, and Camomil, of each an equal quantity, and keep the same in a narrow-mouthed and well-glassed galley-pot close covered with a Bladder and Leather; and when you go to Angle, take some of it in a small pewter Box, made taper, and anoint eight inches of the Line next the Hook therewith, and when washed off repeat the same. This Oyntment which for its excellency, Unguentum Piscatorum mirabile, prodigiously causes Fish to bite, if in the hand of an Artist that angles within water, and in proper Seasons and Times, and with suitable Tackle and Baits fit and proper for the River, Season and Fish he designs to catch. The Man's Fat you may get of the London Chyrurgeons, &c. * * * * I forbore (for some reasons) to insert the same in my fifth edition; but now since its' divulged, value it not the less, but treat it as a jewel."

R. Nobbes, who was probably Vicar of Applethorp and Wood-Newton, in Northamptonshire, first published his *Complete Troller, or the Art of Trolling*, in 1682. He is often spoken of as the "Father of trolling," by writers on angling; but it is a title of piscatory honour to which he has no just right, as this method of "jacking" is treated of in many of the works already mentioned. It may, however, be allowed that his discourse upon it is the first of any length, and he may be credited with having treated

this branch of angling very systematically, and of disseminating more correct views of it than had hitherto appeared.

Blome's *Gentleman's Recreation*, in 1686, is another of the "Inquire-within-upon-Everything" type of books, which have almost as many subjects treated of in them as has that tediously interesting "Anatomy of Melancholy," by Burton; and *Northern Memoirs*, by Franck, the author already alluded to as tilting at Walton, was published in 1694. We cannot forbear quoting the following delicious little bit of his *re* the grayling:—

"The umber or grayling, is an amourous fish that loves his life; his mouth waters after every wasp, as his fins flutter after every fly; for if it be but a fly, or the produce of an insect, out of a generous curiosity, he is ready to entertain it. Smooth and swift streams enamour him, but not a torrent; yet, for this fly-admirer, there is another bait—the munket or sea-green grub, generated amongst owlder trees, also issues from willows, sallow, &c. Fish him finely, for he loves curiosity, neat and slender tackle, and lady-like. You must touch him gently, for he is tender about the chaps; a brandling will entice him from the bottom, and a gilt-tail will invite him ashore."

The *True Art of Angling*, by J. S., was first published in 1696, and has passed through many editions. Only a few of the earlier ones have escaped the wear and tear of time. It has been suggested that this J. S. was none other than the owner of the good old English name of John Smith, who in 1684 published one of those numerous patchwork books, containing treatises on a multiplicity of rural sports and pastimes. John Smith, in his volume, included the "making of fireworks," and the "noble recreation of ringing." This brings us to the close of the Waltonian period and the end of the seventeenth century.

All interested in old angling literature will rejoice to

hear that in continuation of their "Library of Old Fishing Books," Messrs. Satchell, of Tavistock Street, have in progress the publication of the following rare volumes (in uniform Roxbro' binding) :—

1. An older form of the *Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle* (*circa* 1450), printed from a manuscript in the collection of Mr. Denison, with preface and glossary by Thomas Satchell.
2. The *Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, with preface and glossary by Thomas Satchell.
3. The *Pleasures of Princes* (1614), by Gervase Markham, with introduction by Thomas Westwood.
4. Conrad Heresbach's *De Piscatione Compendium* (1570), with a translation by Miss Ellis and introduction by Thomas Westwood.
5. *A Book of Fishing with Hook and Line* (1590), by L.[eonard] M.[ascall].
6. A *Briefve Treatis of Fishing, with the Art of Angling* (1596), by W.[illiam] G.[ryndall].
7. Book xx of the *Geoponika* of Cassianus Bassus (*circa* 950), with a translation of the Greek and notes.
8. A *Jewell for Gentrie* (1614).
9. Richard de Fournivall's *De Vetulâ* (1470), with Jean Lefevre's translation.

CHAPTER V.

AUTHORS ON FISH AND FISHING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE angling literature of this period need not detain us long, as its authors are neither numerous, instructive, nor models in the way of composition. Indeed it cannot be said that there is one among them who has left his mark, unless it be the author of *The Young Man's Companion*, 1703, whose production has been described as "a sandwich of pastime and piety, the one following the other as inevitably as ham follows beef at a picnic." This is a sample of it—

"Having cast into the river half the grains, and an hour being past, you have no bites of good Roches, you may conclude either the season is not good, or there are Perch or Pike there. Then go to some other place to angle for Roches; if you had baited the place when you first came to the river, the better. . . . . Honest angler, as often as thou art weary, meditate on these verses:

> "Cease then my soul to dote on or admire
> This splendid world which is reserved for fire;
> Decline the company of sinners here,
> As thou wouldst not be shackled with them there.

"When you have done angling, go and see if a pike hath swallowed the Roche, the bait, and if you perceive he is not a little one, draw him very gently towards you, and when he sees you away he flies; let go and give him all the line you can, then draw him gently again to tire him. When he is weary, you may easily draw him to the bank-side and take him. Then will thy

mind be so stayed with the fear of the Lord, that this verse may not disagree with thy thoughts, viz. :

> "When weary anglers in the night do sleep,
> Their fancies on their float still watching keep."

It is almost impossible to conceive how any one could dream of putting such mawkish trash into print.

The century has been called a "leaden" one, and is not undeserving of the title. The *Secrets of Angling*, by C. B., in 1705, is little more than a compilation, though fairly put together; and the same may be said of the *Country Gentleman's Vade-mecum*, by Jacob, in 1717. Saunders's *Compleat Fisherman*, in 1724, is a very far better work, giving a good deal of information on the English waters and fishing in different parts of the Continent; and it is interesting from the fact that in it is the first mention in any book on angling with "silk-worm gut." Pepys, however, in his *Diary* (March 18th, 1677), says: "This day Mr. Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his angling with a minikin, a gutt-string varnished over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily." As a matter of fact gut came into pretty general use after the middle of this century. The *Gentleman Angler* of 1726 does not contain much that was new in the way of piscatory information, but, under different names and in different forms, it passed through several editions, and seems to have been appreciated. Its special interest lies in the fact that it is the first book on angling in which we read of rings for the rod and the use of the winch:—

"It will be very convenient to have Rings, or Eyes (as some call them) made of fine Wire, and placed so artificially upon your Rod from the one End to the other, that when you lay your Eye to one, you may see through all the rest; and your Rod being

thus furnished, you will easily learn from thence how to put Rings to all your other Rods. Through these Rings your Line must run, which will be kept in a due Posture, and you will find great Benefit thereby. You must also have a Winch or Wheel affixed to your Rod, about a Foot above the End, that you may give Liberty to the Fish, which, if large, will be apt to run a great way before it may be proper to check him, or before he will voluntarily return."

The volume also contained "short plain instructions, whereby the most ignorant beginner may in a little time become a perfect artist in angling for Salmon." The "little time" even now, with all modern appliances, often takes a "lifetime."

The *British Angler*, by Williamson, in 1740, is a moderately good manual as times went, and, like most others, dealt largely with "pastes." It is a curious fact that the great majority of angling authors, who devote a considerable space to this department of fraudful baits seldom recommend them personally. Richard Brooks, M.D., is another of the many appropriators of other men's labours, suggesting that *Sic vos non vobis* might be an appropriate motto for many a book on angling. His *Art of Angling*, in 1740, assumed the form of a dictionary. Richard and his son Charles Bowlker were famous anglers at Ludlow, and authors too, their *Art of Angling, improved in all its parts, especially fly fishing*, being really instructive. There seems to be some confusion in reference to their joint and separate authorship. The first edition appeared about 1758, and after that six other editions before the death of the son Charles Bowlker in 1779. Since then there have been six more editions, the last dating as late as 1839. "The voracity of the Pike" is a favourite ichthyological topic. Bowlker the younger has a story about it:—

"My father catched a Pike in Barn-Meer (a large standing

water in Cheshire), was an ell long, and weighed thirty-five pounds, which he brought to Lord Cholmondely; his lordship ordered it to be turned into a canal in the garden, wherein were abundance of several sorts of fish. About twelve months after his lordship draw'd the canal, and found that this overgrown Pike had devoured all the fish, except one large Carp, that weighed between nine and ten pounds, and that was bitten in several places. The Pike was then put into the canal again, together with abundance of fish with him to feed upon, all which he devoured in less than a year's time; and was observed by the gardener and workmen there, to take the ducks, and other water-fowl under water. Whereupon they shot magpies and crows, and threw them into the canal, which the Pike took before their eyes: of this they acquainted their lord; who, thereupon, ordered the slaughterman to fling in calves-bellies, chickens-guts, and suchlike garbage to him, to prey upon: but being soon after neglected, he died, as supposed, for want of food."

Shirley's *Anglers' Museum*, or "the whole art of float and fly fishing," published in 1784, is an unpretentious but well-written and practical little book. A well-executed portrait of "Mr. John Kirby, the celebrated angler," who was Keeper of Newgate and died in 1804, is prefixed to the third edition. The *North Country Angler*, or "the art of angling as practised in the Northern Counties of England," which, Mr. Chatto says, "ought to have been called 'The North Country *Poacher*,'" was published in 1786. Best's *Concise Treatise on the Art of Angling* appeared in 1787, since when eleven further editions have been published, 1838 being the date of the last. Best was keeper of His Majesty's Drawing Room in the Tower of London, and was evidently a good practical angler. He has no less than 30 pages of his book on the "Prognostics of Weather" to be observed by anglers.

During this century several editions of what may be called the "standard" authors on angling were issued at

intervals, but the authors above mentioned comprise nearly all in this country who essayed to deal with matters piscatorial. If other periods had not been more prolific of fishing literature, collectors of books on angling would have but a beggarly array of almost empty shelves.

CHAPTER VI.

AUTHORS ON FISHING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE nineteenth century list of English piscatory authors is very different to that of the last, both in quantity and quality. A recent writer on angling bibliography has said that "originality is scarce among them." But we venture to differ with him. The subject-matter of angling, as has been before remarked, is necessarily of a somewhat limited range; and there must, of course, be some similarity in the works of those writers who treat mainly of it in its purely practical aspect, and especially in reference to the more common branches of the art. Bearing this in mind, we should be inclined, notwithstanding the multitude of angling works which have been published during the present century, to consider the diversity of style and matter as a marked feature in the angling literature of that period. Authors, generally speaking, have taken a variety of lines, as they themselves differ from each other in their fancies for this or that particular variety of fishing, in their variety of experiences and variety of literary bent. Thus readers have a vast choice of works put before them to suit their different wants and tastes—works scientific, descriptional, "informational," and humbly didactic. Moreover, hardly any two anglers will be found to agree as to which are their favourite authors; at one time, or rather for one purpose, preferring one, and at another time, and for another purpose, another; or, finding that different authors suit their different moods at different times, or supply the particular reading or

information they require on some particular branch of fishing, or for some particular angling expedition. Thus, if there is no very great amount of absolute "originality" among our angling authors, there is an abundant supply of diversity, and though in one sense they may be like one another, they are "like in difference."

The angling works of the present century being so numerous, we must perforce limit ourselves to only the mere mention by name of many of them; and, as the great majority of them are easily obtainable, we shall not to any great extent call in the aid of quotations from them, especially as this and the following chapter are intended rather for the purposes of reference and "indication" than of criticism.

Taylor's *Angling in all its Branches*, published in 1800, is a compendious and fairly written manual, and recommended by Sir Harris Nicolas in his editions of Walton; and Daniels' *Rural Sports* of the following year contains a good deal of readable matter on fish and fishing. The *Kentish Angler* of 1804 is one of the rare local books, and may still be consulted with profit. Mackintosh's *Driffield Angler*, of 1806, is still worth reading, especially by anglers in Midland streams. Robert Salter published his *Modern Angler* in 1811; but must not be confounded with Thomas Frederick Salter, a well-known hatter of his time, whose *Anglers' Guide*, published in 1814, has gone through a dozen or so editions, and may still be called a standard work. The same may be said of Bainbridge's *Fly-fishers' Guide*, 1816, the last edition of which was published in 1840. It was illustrated with coloured plates representing upwards of forty flies of the most useful kind, copied from nature, and well taught how

> "To lightly on the dimpling eddy fling
> The hypocritic fly's unrufiled wing."

Carroll's *Anglers' Vade-mecum*, of 1818, was probably the first book on angling which gave flies *coloured by hand.*

We will here pay our Transatlantic cousins the compliment of including Washington Irving among "English" authors, and quoting a passage from *The Angler*, which appeared in his *Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.*, in 1820:—

"There is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit, and a pure sincerity of mind. As the English are methodical even in their recreations, and are the most scientific of sportsmen, it has been reduced among them to a perfect rule and system. Indeed it is an amusement peculiarly adapted to the mild and highly-cultivated scenery of England, where every roughness has been softened away from the landscape. It is delightful to saunter along these limpid streams, which meander like veins of silver through the bosom of this beautiful country; leading us through a diversity of small scenery; sometimes winding through ornamented grounds; sometimes running along through rich pasturage, where the fresh green is mingled with sweet-smelling flowers; sometimes venturing in sight of villages and hamlets; and then running capriciously away into shady retirements. The sweetness and serenity of nature, and the quiet watchfulness of the sport, gradually bring on pleasant fits of musing; which are now and then greatly interrupted by the song of the bird, the distant whistle of a peasant, or perhaps the vagary of some fish leaping out of the still water, and skimming transiently about its glassy surface."

The year 1828 is marked by Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia*, which was reviewed by Professor Wilson (Christopher North) in *Blackwood*, and in the *Quarterly* by Sir Walter Scott. The dialogue may be a little too formal, and *Halieus* rather too particular a gentleman for an angler who often has to "rough it;" and certainly the whole book, though modelled on the *Complete Angler*, lacks the freshness,

simplicity, and geniality of Walton's style. Still it is a most delightful contribution to English angling literature, and will doubtless ever remain a prime favourite in the angler's library.

The decade dating from 1830 was prolific of angling authors. In 1832 Jesse published his *Gleanings*, "with maxims and hints for an angler;" and later on appeared his *Anglers Rambles*, of which he said—

> "Fish, nature, streams, discourse, the line, the hook,
> Shall form the motley subject of my book."

Richard Penn, a great-grandson of William Penn, of Pennsylvania fame, published, in 1833, a partly practical and partly humorous book, which has gone through four editions, entitled *Maxims and Hints for an Angler and Miseries of Fishing*, etc. This is one of the "Maxims":—

"If during your walks by the river-side you have marked any good fish, it is fair to presume that other persons have marked them also. Suppose the case of two well-known fish, one of them (which I will call A) lying above a certain bridge, the other (which I will call B) lying below the bridge. Suppose further that you have just caught B, and that some curious and cunning friend should say to you, in a careless way, 'Where did you take that fine fish?' a finished fisherman would advise you to tell your inquiring friend that you had taken your fish just *above* the bridge, describing, as the scene of action, the spot which, in truth, you know to be still occupied by the other fish, A. Your friend would then fish no more for A, supposing that to be the fish which you had caught; and whilst he innocently resumes his operations below the bridge, where he falsely imagines B still to be, A is left quietly for you, if you can catch him."

And here is a brace of "Miseries"—

"Taking out with you as your aide-de-camp an unsophisticated lad from the neighbouring village, who laughs at you when you

miss hooking a fish rising at a fly, and says, with a grin, 'You can't vasten 'em as my vather does.'

"Telling a long story after dinner, tending to show (with full particulars of time and place) how that, under very difficult circumstances, and notwithstanding very great skill on your part, your tackle had been that morning broken and carried away by a very large fish; and then having the identical fly, lost by you on that occasion, returned to you by one of your party, who found it in the mouth of a trout, caught by him, about an hour after your disaster, on the very spot so accurately described by you—the said very large fish being, after all, a very small one."

The *Angler in Wales* (1834), by Captain Medwin, the friend and fellow traveller of Byron, may be mentioned as an instance of an execrably bad book, which has deservedly received some terrible "slatings." For instance, Chatto says of the author—"he might as well have called his book 'The Angler in Hindostan;'" and this is how another critic and angler epitomizes it—"The book is a medley, and by no means a good one, made up apparently from the odds and ends of some MS. collection of anecdotes. Mesmerism and dog-otters, snuff-taking and second-sight, affectionate terriers and literary lions, portraits of young ladies, beautiful as Diana and bewitchingly familiar with the slang of horse-jockeys, tales of Welsh courtship, scandal, love, lunacy, and murder, 'are jumbled antithetically jowl by cheek.' Even where the narrator deviates into his subject, we glean but a minimum of information from his pages. I have, in my time, fished extensively, and to some purpose, in the lakes and rivers of Wales. Captain Medwin may have done the same, but, if so, he kept his secret with the fidelity of Junius. His book nowhere shows us how it was done. There is little or no useful information about the flies, the seasons, or the stations most favourable to the angler. Instead thereof, a

great deal of space is devoted to fishing with salmon roe, a bait which he seems to think an important novelty, while, at the same time, he shows utter ignorance of the manner in which it is to be made the deadly lure which, under certain circumstances, it too surely is."

Mr. Chatto, just mentioned, himself entered the lists an author in the next year (1835) under the pseudonym of "Fisher;" and his *Angler's Souvenir* is a clever and useful book, and deserving of the last edition published in 1877 with Mr. G. Christopher Davies, no mean angling author, as its editor.

We now come to a book which, though to some extent superseded by other and fuller works, may almost be said to mark a new era of angling literature. It is the *Art of Angling in Scotland*, by Thomas Tod Stoddart, published in 1835. He published other works later on, notably the *Angler's Companion* in 1853, of which no fly-fisherman should fail to obtain a copy when he can. Stoddart is a most practical instructor, and was the first to thoroughly exhaust the subject of fishing with a *worm in clear water*. There does not seem much connection between poets and worms, but Stoddart was one of the former, and his writings show that he felt all the poetry of angling. Another great authority on fly-fishing comes next in the person of Alfred Ronalds, whose *Fly-Fisher's Entomology*, first published in 1836, and since then gone through seven editions, will long remain a standard authority in its particular line. No one who aims at being a scientific fly-fisherman or fly-maker should be ignorant of the contents of this book, the excellently executed plates giving, with some trifling inaccuracies, a coloured representation of the natural fly, and of that to be produced artificially. The book is a great authority, especially for what may be called

Midland Counties' waters. In 1839 T. C. Hofland, author, artist, and fisherman, dedicated the first edition of his *British Angler's Manual* to Sir Francis Chantrey. This and subsequent editions are enriched with engravings and woodcuts from pictures and drawings by the author himself and other well-known artists. There are few books on piscatorial shelves which more fully accord with the spirit of a true angler and a true artist.

The year 1840 is associated with three authors of mark. The first is James Wilson (brother of "Christopher North"), author of *The Rod and Gun*, and contributor of many most genial, entertaining and instructive articles on fish and fishing in almost every branch of the art, to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The second is J. Colquhoun, the author of the *Moor and the Loch*, which reached its fifth edition in 1880. There are few books which are more worthy of the favour with which it has been so long received by the naturalist, the sportsman, and even the general reader. Without much pretension to be called a naturalist (so modestly says the author of himself), he has always endeavoured to keep his eyes open as the wilder points of nature were unfolded before him, and no part of his mountain life has given him such unmixed pleasure as watching the minute and tender care of the great Parent of all good in adapting the creatures of the storm to their lonely solitudes, and spreading before them a table in the wilderness. It is this happy mixture of ardour as a sportsman, and fresh devoutness of spirit which imparts so true and lasting a charm to the whole volume. The habits and haunts of birds, beasts, and fish have never been more brightly, truly, and picturesquely described than in these glowing and pleasant pages. Mr. Colquhoun is essentially a gentleman and sportsman; and he may claim to be the

first authority of his time on the wary *Salmo ferox*, and its capture in the larger Scotch lochs. The third author associated with 1840 is a poor shoemaker of Kelso, of the name of John Younger, who had a great local reputation as an angler and fly-dresser. He gave his experiences to the world in his *River Angling for Salmon and Trout*, which a fly-fisherman will do well to read if he comes across it. Younger, too, is a bit of a poet, as several of his compositions quoted in Mr. Henderson's *My Life as an Angler* testify.

Mr. Edward Chitty, Barrister-at-Law, published his very instructive *Illustrated Fly-fisher's Text-book* in 1841 ; and in the same year *Blacker*, the well-known fishing-tackle maker of Dean Street, Soho, who died a few years ago, his *Art of Angling*, wherein are illustrated with plates the various stages of the artificial fly before it is finished. In 1842, the articles, which during many years previously had been written by Professor John Wilson for *Blackwood's Magazine*, were published under the title of *The Recreations of Christopher North*, a name which will be associated with angling as long as the sport is pursued. Professor Wilson was a prince among anglers and among men, and though he combined the characters of artist, poet, philosopher, and philanthropist, yet he still stands out as a perfect individuality. Let every angler possess his *Christopher North*, if only as a specimen of angling literature of the most happy, spirited, and withal polished style, though abounding with what might almost be called the "slang" of angling. Just a quotation as a specimen, in which the Professor describes killing trout in Loch Awe when they were "well on" :—

"Lie on your oars, for we know the water. The bottom of this shallow bay—for 'tis nowhere ten feet—is in places sludgy, and in places firm almost as green-sward, for we have waded it of

yore, many a time up to our chin, till we had to take to our fins—there! Mr. Yellowlees was in right earnest, and we have him as fast as an otter. There he goes, snoring and snuving along, as deep as he can—steady, boys, steady—and seems disposed to pay a visit to Rabbit Island. There is a mystery in this we do not very clearly comprehend; the uniformity of our friend's conduct becomes puzzling; he is an unaccountable character. He surely cannot be an eel; yet, for a trout, he manifests an unnatural love of mud on a fine day. Row shoreward—Proctor, do as we bid you—she draws but little water; run her bang up on that green line, then hand us the crutch, for we must finish this affair on *terra firma*. Loch Awe is certainly a beautiful piece of water. The islands are disposed so picturesquely, we want no assistance but the crutch. Here we are, with elbow room, and on stable footing; and we shall wind up, returning from the water's edge as people do from a levee, with their faces towards the king. Do you see them yellowing, you Tory? What bellies! Why, we knew by the dead weight that there were *three*, for they kept pulling one against another; nor were we long in discovering the complicated movement of triplets. Pounders each, same weight to an ounce; same family, all bright as stars. Never could we endure angling from a boat. What loss of time getting the *whoppers* whiled into the landing-net! What loss of peace of mind in letting them off, when their snouts, like those of Chinese pigs, were within a few yards of the gunwale; and when, with a last convulsive effort, they whaumled themselves over, with their splashing tails, and disappeared for ever. Now for five flies—wind on our back—no tree within an acre—no shrub higher than the bracken—no reed, rush, or water-lily in all the bay. What hinders that we should, what the Cockneys call, *whip* with a dozen? We have set the lake afeed; epicure and glutton are alike rushing to destruction. Trouts of the most abstemious habits cannot withstand the temptation of such exquisite evening fare, and we are much mistaken if here be not an old dotard—a lean and slippery pantaloon—who had long given up attempting vainly to catch flies, and found it as much as he could do to overtake the slower sort of worms. Him we shall not return to his

native element, to drag out a pitiable existence, but leave him where he lies, to die—he is dead already—

"'For he is old, and miserably poor.'

Two dozen in two hours we call fair sport, and we think they will average not less, Proctor, than a pound. Lascelles and North against any two in England! We beseech you only look at yonder noses, thick as frogs, as pow heads! There, that was lightly dropped among them, each fatal feather seeming to melt on the water like a snowflake. We have done the deed, Proctor; we have done the deed. We feel that we have five. Observe how they will come to light in succession, a size larger and larger, with a monster at the tail fly. Even so. To explain the reason why would perplex a Master of Arts. Five seem about fifty, when all dancing about together in an irregular figure; but they have sorely ravelled our gear. It matters not, for it must be wearing well towards eight o'clock, and we dine at sunset."

And yet a few lines more—

"Whirr, whirr, whirr! SALMO FEROX, as sure as a gun! The maddened monster has already run out ten fathoms of chain cable. His spring is not so sinewy as a salmon's of the same size; but his rush is more tremendous, and he dives like one of the damned in Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment.' All the twelve barbs are gorged, and not but with the loss of his torn-out entrails can he escape death. Give us an oar, or he will break the rope. There, we follow him at equal speed, sternmost; but canny canny! for if the devil doubles upon us he may play mischief yet, by getting under our keel. That is noble! There he sails, some twenty fathoms off, parallel to our pinnace, at the rate of six knots, and bearing—for we are giving him the *butt*—right down upon the Laracha Ban, as if towards spawning ground, in the genial month of August; but never again shall he enjoy his love. See! he turns up a side like a house. Ay, that is indeed a most commodious landing place, and ere he is aware of water too shallow to hide his back fin, will be whallopping upon the yellow sand."

Scrope, another excellent and spirited writer, though taking a more limited range, makes his bow, in 1843, with his *Days and Nights of Salmon-Fishing in the Tweed.* The book, even apart from its angling interest, is well worth reading as a bright and elegant literary composition, in which quaint legend and humorous anecdote were never better told. An enthusiastic angler-author, though he has unbounded admiration for many angling works, says that "*the* book of angling has not yet been written," adding, that "to write it would indeed require more extensive practice than is often attained, or perhaps even desirable, and a singular combination of endowments. We shall hardly see the gifts of Professor Wilson, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Mr. Scrope united in one man; and yet, I confess, little short of such a union would complete my ideal of the author."

Blakey—"Palmer Hackle, Esq."—began publishing his books in 1846, but they hardly rise above the level of mediocrity, though they contain some useful topographical information as to fishing waters in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Edward Fitzgibbon, so long well known and appreciated in the angling columns of *Bell's Life* as "Ephemera," published his *Handbook of Angling* in 1847, and his *Book of the Salmon* three years afterwards. Though many anglers have questioned the correctness of some of his views, both books will hold their own, and will repay careful study, the former especially by the humbler class of anglers who have not salmon and trout fishing at their command.

The Rev. Henry Newland, a "Tractarian" leader in the præ-Ritualistic days, and as an able wielder of the fly-rod as of the pen, published *The Erne; its Legends and its Fly-fishing*, in 1851, and three years later *Forest Scenes in Norway and Sweden; being extracts from the Journal of a*

Fisherman—delightful books of a high literary cast, interspersed with much humour. The present writer often had the pleasure of chatting with him when he was Vicar of St. Mary Church, S. Devon, where he died. He was a most charming *raconteur* especially of piscatory incidents. Dr. Badham's *Prose Halieulics; or Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle*, was welcomed by a very large number of readers in 1854. It has been already mentioned as one of the most interesting books of its kind ever written, and it would be almost easier to say what there is not in it than what there is, comprising as it does an almost endless variety of chit-chat, and that, too, of the most learned kind about fish and fishing. Dr. Badham is particularly "great" on opsophagy. In the same year Robert Knox, M.D., who affected to be a scientific naturalist and special authority on Salmonoid biology, cannot be said to have added lustre to angling literature by the publication of his *Fish and Fishing in the lone Glens of Scotland*. Though, perhaps, hardly deserving of the terrible lashing the book and its author get at the hands of Mr. H. R. Francis; still, for a writer who lays down angling and ichthyological law in an offensively authoritative manner, to muddle up together *Salmo salar* and *Salmo fario*, to deny the Highlands the credit of being an angling country, and to describe the Test as a "quiet muddy stream," almost puts himself beyond the pale of toleration. It is, however, but fair to the author to say that there is a good deal of interesting reading in his book, apart from its many blemishes.

W. C. Stewart's *Practical Angler; or, the Art of Trout Fishing*, is another of the books which no fly-fisherman should leave unstudied. The first edition of the *Practical Angler* appeared in 1857, and the last in 1877, five years after the author's death. Mr. Stewart was known as one

of the most accomplished trout fishers of his day, and especially in "*clear* water." He elaborates this particular phase of angling, and discusses exhaustively, and with great fairness, all the *vexatæ quæstiones* of the fly-fisher's vocation, such as "up" or "down" stream fishing, the colour and make of flies, the pliability of fly-rods, &c. Some "outsiders" are inclined to smile when anglers speak of the education of modern fish; but this is what Mr. Stewart says on the subject:—

"Much fishing, besides to a certain extent thinning the trout, operates against the angler's killing large takes, by making the remaining trout more wary, and it is more from this cause than the scarcity of trout that so many anglers return unsuccessful from much-fished streams. The waters also now remain brown-coloured for such a short time that the modern angler is deprived, unless on rare occasions, of even this aid to his art of deception; and the clearness of the water, and the increased wariness of the trout, are the main causes why the tackle of fifty years ago would be found so faulty now. Fifty years ago it was an easy thing to fill a basket with trout; not so now. Then there were ten trout for one there is now. The colour of the water favoured the angler, and the trout were comparatively unsophisticated. Now filling a basket with trout, at least in some of our southern streams open to the public, when they are low and clear, is a feat of which any angler may be proud. . . . Angling is, in fact, every day becoming more difficult, and consequently better worthy of being followed as a scientific amusement. So far from looking upon the increase of anglers with alarm, it ought to be regarded with satisfaction; the more trout are fished for, the more wary they become; the more wary they are, the more skill is required on the angler's part, and, as the skill an amusement requires constitutes one of its chief attractions, angling is much better sport now than it was fifty years ago."

But as we are now finding ourselves in company of contemporary contributors to angling literature, the great majority

of whom are still alive and "plying the angle," it would be beyond our original purpose to do much more than mention some of their names and chief productions. During the last twenty-five years many have been very active both with their rods and pens, and it may be fairly said that success has attended both their piscatory and literary efforts. We need by no means be ashamed of the angling literature of the last quarter of a century. Charles Kingsley, in his *Chalk Stream Studies*, which first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for September, 1858, shows us the kind of man an angler can be, and the kind of angler a *man* can be, as he also does in his *Life and Letters*, published by his widow. The first named little book is a mine of information to the fly-fisher, and charming reading in all respects. The last quotation we shall indulge in is one of his pictures of English scenery :—

"Let the Londoner have his six weeks every year among crag and heather, and return with lungs expanded and muscles braced to his nine months' prison. The countryman, who needs no such change of air and scene, will prefer more home-like though more homely pleasures. Dearer to him than wild cataracts or Alpine glens are the still hidden streams which Bewick has immortalized in his vignettes, and Creswick in his pictures; the long glassy shadow, paved with yellow gravel, where he wades up between low walls of fern-fringed rock, between nut and oak and alder, to the low bar over which the stream comes swirling and dimpling, as the water-ousel flits piping before him, and the murmur of the ring-dove comes soft and sleepy through the wood. There, as he wades, he sees a hundred sights, and hears a hundred tones, which are hidden from the traveller on the dusty highway above. The traveller fancies that he has seen the country. So he has, the outside of it at least; but the angler only sees the inside. The angler only is brought close face to face with the flower and bird and insect life of the rich river banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered, and the only

part in general which never feels the drought of summer, 'the trees planted by the water-side, whose leaf shall not wither.'"

In 1858, too, Mr. Francis Francis makes his first appearance in print with his *Angler's Register*, and ever since then he has been a busy writer, as the columns of the *Field* and contemporary periodical literature bear witness. His *magnum opus* is *A Book on Angling*, first published in 1867, since which date it has passed through several editions, and is long likely to remain one of the chief and most reliable text-books for anglers of all kinds. Probably no fisherman living has had greater experience in almost all the waters of the United Kingdom, and in all kinds of fishing, and therefore he is one of the safest guides an angler can follow. The medical profession supplies another piscatory author in the person of Mr. W. Wright, "Surgeon Aurist to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, &c," who in 1858 published his *Fishes and Fishing* . . . "anatomy of their senses, their loves, passions, and intellects." It is a curious medley of selections apparently from his note-book, but fairly interesting, and flavoured with good anecdotes. "Otter's" *Complete Guide to Spinning and Trolling* first appeared in 1859, and has gone through several editions, as has also his *Modern Angler*, first published in 1864. Captain Alfred, of Moorgate Street, is the "Otter" in question; and as he has had great experience and success as an angler, especially in the Thames and other waters within easy reach of London, those who go the "home circuit" will find his pleasantly written little book most helpful. Captain Alfred is also a most skilful painter of fish.

Another Master in piscatorial Israel, and of almost boundless experience like Mr. Francis Francis, is Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell. His first book, *Spinning Tackle*, appeared in 1862, and his *Angler Naturalist, Fishing Gossip*,

and other works, have followed. His *Book of the Pike* is, perhaps, the best piscatorial monograph ever written, and exhaustive of the subject with which it deals. Mr. H. C. Cutliffe's little book, *The Art of Trout Fishing in Rapid Streams*, 1863, is written mainly in reference to North Devon, but is applicable more or less to *rapid* streams everywhere, and though rather prolix, should be read by all fly-fishers who have to deal with such waters. It had become very difficult to obtain a copy of this book, but Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have recently issued a new edition. *The Fisherman's Magazine* was published in monthly numbers, under the editorship of Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, during the years 1864 and 1865, and "by arrangement" ceased to exist when *Land and Water* made its appearance. Anglers should always secure it when they can, as many of our best angling writers contributed to it, and it is replete with all kinds of fishing gossip and miscellaneous articles of interest to all fishermen. The *Autobiography of the late Salmo Salar, Esq.*, by Mr. G. Rooper, made a hit in 1867; and his other works, *Flood, Field, and Forest*, and *Thames and Tweed*, contain pleasant sketches in great variety. Mr. Greville Fennell, almost better known as Greville F—— in the pages of the *Field* and other current literature, began to supply anglers in 1867 with *The Rail and the Rod*, which gave them a great deal of information as to waters to be reached by the various main lines of railway, which still for the most part holds good. His *Book of the Roach* (1870) is another well executed piscatorial monograph.

Among works of a semi-pastoral and idyllic character, combined with that of angling proper, Mr. W. Senior's ("Red Spinner") *Waterside Sketches*, 1875, and Mr. G. C. Davies' *Angling Idylls*, 1876, stand out conspicuous. Both

authors have produced other works, the features of which are their pleasant easy style of narrative and accurate picture-painting of angling surroundings. Here comes in for mention one of the most remarkable books ever issued in connection with angling literature. It is entitled *A Quaint Treatise on Flees and the Art a' Artyfichall Flee Making*, and was brought out by Mr. W. H. Aldam, a noted fly-fisherman in his day, in 1876. The treatise was written, according to the title-page, "By an Old Man well known on the Derbyshire streams a century ago," and is printed from the old MS., "never before published," in rare old large type, with double red-line borders and spacious margin. The editorial notes are by Mr. Aldam. The unique feature of the handsome quarto is the introduction of very thick cardboard leaves, containing, in sunk, gilt-edged panels, pattern flies and the materials for making them. Each compartment has the pattern fly made in the best style, the feathers, hackle, silk, hair, and twist, which are necessary for its exact manufacture, each separate, and securely fastened down—an idea which may have been suggested by the earlier editions of Blacker's *Art of Fly-making*, which have specimens of flies wafered to the page. In Mr. Aldam's book there are twenty-two flies given in the way described, and they "kill" as well now as in the days of the "Old Man." But few copies of this unique book were brought out, in consequence of the expense and labour involved in producing each. Its original price was necessarily a high one, but it commands nearly double that now, and is worth it, if only as a work of art; but it is seldom that a copy is found on sale. None but a perfect enthusiast could have conceived and carried out a work like this. Mr. J. P. Wheeldon's *Angling Resorts near London*, published in 1878, is, like all the productions of his facile

pen, full of instruction and interest, and redolent of a genial spirit. Perhaps, when he is less busy with periodical literature, he will supply us with a further instalment of a more permanent character.

In January 1880 Messrs. Satchell & Co. began to issue *The Anglers' Note-Book and Naturalists' Record*, in separate numbers, which formed a volume by the end of June in that year. It is a kind of "Notes and Queries" production, to which many well-known scholars and angling writers contributed; and anglers and others will be glad to hear that a new series is in contemplation. In this year the Messrs. Satchell brought out a new edition of *My Life as an Angler*, by Mr. William Henderson; and it would not be far wrong to say that this is one of the most important contributions to angling literature of late years. It is one of those books, like "The Complete Angler," whose special charm is that it seems to make the reader personally acquainted with the author, the manner of man he is, or was, and able fully to sympathise with him. There is no modern book upon angling and its surroundings which could be put into the hands of novice or veteran with greater chances of charming both alike. It holds a copious store of information and anecdote, and reflects in every page its author's contented spirit, kindly heart, and ripe experience. A sound and carefully-compiled manual for all kinds of fishing is Mr. J. H. Keene's *Practical Fisherman*, published in 1881. One of its features is that it contains full descriptions of all kinds of fishing-tackle, and admirably plain directions. *The Scientific Angler*, by the late David Foster, of Ashbourne, was a welcome addition to angling literature in 1882. *British Field Sports*, published last year by Mackenzie of Ludgate Hill, E.C., contains pleasant angling reading. Among recent angling publications of value are several

brought out by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. One is entitled *An Angler's Strange Experience*, the character of which may be partly surmised by the additional title of "A Whimsical Medley, and an Of-*Fish*-all Record without A-*bridge*-ment. By Cotswold Isys, M.A., Fellow of All-*soles*, late Scholar of *Winch*-ester. Now Ready. Profusely Illustrated in a Style never before App-*roach*-ed." The second is *Float Fishing and Spinning in the Nottingham style*, by J. W. Martin ("Trent Otter"), which Thames anglers and others wedded to their own style of tackle and fishing would do well to read. The third is a revised edition of Michael Theakston's *British Angling Flies*, by Mr. F. M. Walbran. The first edition was published in 1862, but has long been out of print. It received the high commendation of Charles Kingsley, in his *Chalk Stream Studies* above mentioned, and was well worth reviving. It is now improved by a modification of the confusing nomenclature of flies adopted by the author. *The Angler's Complete Guide and Companion*, by Mr. G. Little, the well-known fishing-tackle maker of Fetter Lane, E.C. (who, by the way, has most deservedly been awarded one of the Gold Medals and other distinctions at the Fisheries Exhibition), is among the last contributions to angling literature, and deserving of special mention for the seventy-six hand-coloured illustrations of the best known flies. May we not expect some contribution to angling literature from the pen of that accomplished fisherman, Mr. A. G. Jardine? It would be more than welcomed by all anglers.

From this brief survey of the angling literature of the present century, even though many names are omitted from it, it will be seen that it has flowed on in a continuous and increasing stream. Judging from all appearances, it is likely to continue so to do. The Fisheries Exhibition, by

setting every one talking about fish and fishing, has established what may almost be called an "ichthyomania;" and the rapidly increasing number of anglers will naturally stimulate angling authorship. Moreover, as there is no finality in the art of angling, and fish become more and more "educated," so that the angler has to be constantly refining upon his tackle, lures and methods, dissertations on the subject in all its branches follow almost as a matter of course. Thus "of making of many books" on angling, we may presume, there will be "no end"; but however many there be, and however interesting and useful in their way anglers and would-be anglers may find them, they must bear in mind the caution given by Izaak Walton in his "Epistle to the Reader":—

"Now for the art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none *to be an angler by a book.* He that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, that in a printed book undertook to teach the art of fencing, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that many useful things might be observed out of that book, but that the art was not to be taught by words; *nor is the Art of Angling.*"

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENGLISH POETS ON FISHING.

RIGHTLY has a poet observed that—

"The power of waters over the minds of poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages; through the *flumina amem sylvasque inglorius*' of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns:—

> 'The Muse na Poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel' he learned to wander
> Adown some trolling burn's meander
> And no think lang.'"

This has been partly testified to by the quotations already given in chapter II. from ancient poetical authors, whose theme has been fish and fishing, many of whom have been happy both in themselves and in their English translators. We now come to the English piscatory poets themselves. But here, again, there is some little difficulty as to who can fairly be included in the category; and perhaps it would not be well to draw too hard and fast line in this manner, but to include those who make more or less lengthy allusions to fishing, and sing the praises of angling.

It would savour of optimism to argue that English piscatory poetry generally maintains a high standard; but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Westwood is a little hard on our authors when he says, "To some three or four of them may be assigned a place—shall we say midway, by

courtesy?—on the ledges of Parnassus; the rest are innocent of all altitudes whatsoever, except those of Grub Street garrets, or the stilts of an absurd vanity." Many of them have taken admirable advantage of what may be called the "surroundings" of angling, and have dressed up the art itself, which, at the best, only offers a limited field for description, with true and beautiful pictures of the scenes amid which it is followed. One of the great charms of angling is that, of all sports, it affords the best opportunities of enjoying the wonders and beauties of nature; while, at the same time, it develops a love of nature, and creates a taste for the study of various celestial and terrestrial phenomena. This sentence may sound like an introduction to a heavy essay; but it is true that whatever be the season of the year, whether the angler be casting his fly on the early rivers of the west of England or northern Caledonia, mid the cold winds and storms of February and March, or later on beneath the more genial skies of April and May, or basking in the summer's sun on the bosom of the Thames, as he is lazily indifferent whether his bait tempts the fish or not, or pursuing his pastime during the soft autumn days, or the chill and short daylight hours of winter, whether he be strolling along the margin of the swift-rushing streams of Wales and Scotland, with mountain and moorland round him, or of the more gently flowing rivers of the South, which meander through the rich water-meadows curtained by hanging woods, or angling patiently on lonely loch or by side of sedgy pool—the sights and sounds of nature are ever present to him, as she reveals herself in her various moods and phases. It is not, of course, meant that all anglers are keen lovers of nature, or observant of natural phenomena; but the great majority certainly are so, and become more and more interested every year in all

they see and hear about their paths. He spake truly in the "Old Play":—

> "Trust me, there is much 'vantage in it, sir;
> You do forget the noisy pother of mankind,
> And win communion with sweet Nature's self,
> In plying our dear craft."

And so not unfrequently, nay, it very often happens that the angler is led to investigate the habits of the birds, beasts, and insects, which present themselves to him as he follows his vocation, and the marvels of the lives of the innumerable creatures which tenant the earth, air, and water; and thus he becomes an enthusiastic, though, of course, not always a scientific naturalist; while the trees of the forest and the flowers of the field are another endless source of interest and study.

And further, though all anglers cannot be credited with the piety of Walton, there can be little doubt but that very many, as Pope writes, "look through Nature up to Nature's God." The old lines which date back as far as 1706, are in the main still true:—

> "Angling tends our bodies to exercise,
> And also souls to make holy and wise,
> By heavenly thoughts and meditation—
> This is the angler's recreation."

And many of those who seek recreation with their angle amid the works of nature, realise the words and thoughts of old John Dennys, where he says:—

> "All these and many more of his creation,
> That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see,
> And takes therin no little delectation
> To think how strange and wonderfull they bee,
> Framing thereof an inward contemplation
> To set his thoughts on other fancies free;
> And while he looks on these with joyful eye,
> His mind is wrapt above the starry skie."

Thus there is a certain tendency for the angler to become a poet, or at least to become imbued with poetic feelings springing from an elevated source.

The early English poets can hardly be expected to contribute much to the literature of the angle; but here is a little bit from Chaucer's *Complaynte of Mars and Venus* (1475):—

> "Hit semeth he hath to lovers enemyti,
> And lyke a fissher, as men al may se,
> Bateth hys angle-hoke with summe pleasaunce
> Til mony a fissch ys wode so that he be
> Sesed therwith; and then at erst hath he
> Al his desire, and therwith al myschaunce,
> And thogh the lyne breke he hath penaunce;
> For with the hoke he wounded is so sore,
> That he his wages hathe for evermore."

And one from John Gower (1483):—

> "And as the fisher on his bait
> Sleeth, when he first seeth the fishes taste,
> So when he seeth time ate last,
> That he may worche an other wo,
> Shall no man tornen him ther fro,
> That hate will his felonie
> Fulfill and feigne compaignie."

Nor must we expect much piscatory poetry in the sixteenth century. Spencer can hardly be claimed by the angling fraternity as one of their songsters, though the contemplation of the multitudes of the various inhabitants of the waters made him exclaim—

> "Oh what an endlesse work has he in hand
> Who'd count the sea's abundant progeny,
> Whose fruitful seed far passeth that on land,
> And also theirs that roame in th' azure sky,—
> So fertile be the floods in generation,
> So vast their numbers, and so numberless their nation."

He sings, too, of "the Medwaies silver streams," in which the nymphs were wont—

> "With hook or net, barefooted wantonly
> The pleasant dainty fish to entangle or deceive."

But Francis Quarles may fairly be claimed by anglers as a poet-angler, as he not only caught but sang of

> "The broad-side bream,
> The wary trout, that thrives against the stream;"

and of

> "The well grown carp, full laden with her spawn."

He lived on well in the seventeenth century, and, judging from the style, there can be little doubt but that Walton wrote the "Address to the Reader" of his *Shepherd's Eclogues*, which were printed in 1646 by John and Richard Marriott, the latter of whom was Walton's publisher and intimate friend.

Just before the close of the sixteenth century we find the following in Sabie's *Fisherman's Tale* (1595). After describing the delight of a spring morning, the poet continues:—

> "I shakt off sleepe, and tooke in hand a reede,
> A reede whereto was bounde a slender line,
> And crooked hooke, wherewyth, for my disport,
> Walking along the bankes of silver lakes,
> Oftimes I vsed, with false deceiuing baytes,
> To pluck bright-scaled fish from christall waves.
> Forthwith I bended steps vnto the streames,
> And pleasant meares, not far from mine abode,
> Needless it were here to rehearse what joyes
> Each thing brought then vnto my dolefull minde.
> The little menowes leapt aboue the waues
> And sportive fish like wanton lambes did play."

Old Michael Drayton, whom Charles Lamb eulogises as the panegyrist of his native land, is in full song at the

beginning of the seventeenth century, his *Polyolbion* having been published in 1613. Hymning many rivers, "our flood's Queen, Thames," "the stately Severn," and "the crystal Trent," he naturally sings of their inhabitants, mention being made of them in the 6th, 25th, and 26th "Songs" of the *Polyolbion*, and other of his compositions. In one he introduces a woodman, a shepherd, and a fisherman, each extolling the merits of his vocation; and it is just possible that Walton got from this his idea of "interlocutors." Anyhow, he was on intimate terms with Walton, who speaks of him as "Michael Drayton, my honest old friend," just before quoting from the *Polyolbion* the description of the salmon leaping, which runs thus:—

> "And when the Salmon seeks a fresher stream to find
> (Which hither from the sea comes, yearly, by his kind),
> As he towards season grows; and stems the wat'ry tract
> Where *Tivy*, falling down, makes an high cataract,
> Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
> As tho' within her bounds they meant her to inclose;
> Here, when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive,
> And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive,
> His tail takes in his mouth, and, bending like a bow
> That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw,
> Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
> That bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
> Far off itself doth cast; so does the Salmon vault:
> And if, at first, he fail, his second summersault
> He instantly essays, and, from his nimble ring
> Still yerking, never leaves until himself he fling
> Above the opposing stream."

We hope we shall not be considered guilty of heresy when we venture to suggest that these lines seem to lag somewhat, wanting in a kind of "quickness" which would be suitable to the subject. His enumeration of the various fish which inhabit the Trent, second only as it is to the Thames for its prolificness in variety of species, is always

worth quoting; and it is strange that several authors on angling make the mistake of associating the passage with the Severn. It occurs in the 26th song; and the river goddess or rather the river personified, thus sings her own praises with a good deal of haughtiness, beginning with the fanciful idea that her name is the French *trente*.

"What should I care at all, from what my name I take,
That *Thirty* doth import, that thirty rivers make
My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat:
Or thirty kinds of fish, that in my streams do live,
To me this name of *Trent* did from that number give."

* * * * * *

After comparing herself with the Thames and Severn from a geographical point of view, the self-complacent lady goes on to say—

"Their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd with mine
Through my perspicuous breast, the pearly pebbles shine;
I throw my crystal arms along the flow'ry valleys
Which lying sleek, and smooth, as any garden-alleys,
Do give me leave to play, whilst they do court my stream,
And crown my winding banks with many an anadem:
My sliver-scaléd skuls about my streams do sweep,
Now in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep:
So *that of every kind, the new-spawn'd numerous fry*
Seem in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.
The *Barbell*, than which fish, a braver doth not swim,
Nor greater for the ford within my spacious brim,
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth please;
The *Greling*, whose great spawn is big as any pease;
The *Pearch* with pricking fins, against the Pike prepar'd,
As nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger guard,
His daintiness to keep (each curious palate's proof),
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the *Ruffe*,
His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin;
The pretty slender *Dare*, of many call'd the *Dace*,
Within my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his face,

Oft swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows,
But with such nimble sleight, that ere ye can disclose
His shape, out of your sight like lightning he is shot.
The *Trout* by Nature mark'd with many a crimson spot,
As though she curious were in him above the rest,
And of fresh-water fish did note him for the best ;
The *Roche*, whose common kind to every flood doth fall ;
The *Chub* (whose neater name), which some a *Chevin* call,
Food to the tyrant *Pike* (most being in his power),
Who for their numerous store he most doth them devour ;
The lusty *Salmon* then, from *Neptune's* wat'ry realm,
When as his season serves, stemming my tideful stream,
Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
For whom the fisher then all other game forsakes)
Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a ring,
Above the forcéd wears, himself doth nimbly fling,
And often when the net hath dragg'd him safe to land,
Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderers' hand ;
Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness interlarded,
Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.
And *Humber*, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry store,
Me of her *Sturgeons* sends, that I thereby the more
Should have my beauties grac'd, with something from him sent :
Not *Ancum's* silvered *Eel* exceedeth that of *Trent ;*
Though the sweet-smelling *Smelt* be more in *Thames* than me,
The *Lamprey*, and his *less*, in *Severne* general be ;
The *Flounder* smooth and flat, in other rivers caught,
Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought :
The dainty *Gudgeon*, *Loche*, the *Minnow*, and the *Bleake*,
Since they but little are, I little need to speak
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,
Which everywhere are found in every little beck ;
Nor of the *Crayfish* here, which creeps amongst my stones,
From all the rest alone, whose spell is all his bones :
For *Carpe*, the *Tench*, and *Breame*, my other store among,
To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,
Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear
Are muddy fishing ponds to that which they are here."

In reference to this passage, it may be noted that, owing to certain reasons, Trent salmon gradually became very

scarce some years ago; but they have shown in greater numbers during the last two or three seasons; and it is evident that under proper treatment the Trent might be made a good salmon river. There are no *Crayfish* in the Trent now, and probably never were, notwithstanding what Drayton puts into the mouth of the lady river. The "less" mentioned in connection with the *lamprey* means the lamperne.

Milton can hardly be called a piscatorial poet, though he sings of the evolutions of the myriads of "the voiceless daughters of the unpolluted sea" (Æschylus), which—

> "Part single or with mate
> Graze the seaweed, their pasture, and through groves
> Of coral stray; or sporting with quick glance,
> Show to the sun their waved coats dropp'd with gold;
> Or from their pearly shells come forth to seek
> Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food,
> In jointed armour watch."

But, oh, the fall from Milton to William Browne! and yet the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, published 1613, may claim some attention from angling readers, who, however, will hardly think that a pike in the following passage is a good selection as a worm-taking fish, or the suggestion that the line should be handled a proper one—

> "Now as an *Angler*, melancholy standing,
> Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
> A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke
> Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke;
> Here puls his line, there throwes it in againe,
> Mendeth his Corke and Baite, but all in vaine,
> He long stands viewing of the curled stream;
> At last a hungry *Pike*, or well-growne *Breame*,
> Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away,
> He, knowing it a Fish of stubborne sway,
> Puls up his rod, but soft; (as having skill);
> Wherewith the hooke fast holds the Fishe's gill—

Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme
Th' insnared Fish, here on the toppe doth scud,
There underneath the banckes, then in the mud ;
And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
That each one takes his *hyde* or starting hole ;
By this the *Pike* cleane wearied, underneath
A *Willow* lyes, and pants (if Fishes breath),
Wherewith the *Angler* gently puls him to him ;
And least his hast might happen to undoe him
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the Fish to land,
Walks to another Poole, at length is winner
Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner."

We have already anticipated the *Secrets of Angling*, by J. D., in Chapter III., for the reason there given ; and we will now pass on to Phineas Fletcher—a by no means poetical name—who published his *Sicelides*, a piscatory, in 1631, and the *Purple Island*, "together with Piscatorie Eclogs," in 1633. He is mentioned as "an excellent divine and an excellent angler," by Walton, who also calls his Eclogues "excellent" ; and Quarles speaks of him as "the Spencer of this age." This is part of his picture of the happiness of the angler's life :—

"His certain life, which never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content ;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shade, till noontide's heat be spent.
His life is neither tost on boist'rous seas
Of the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease ;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please."

"His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse has place,
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face.
Never his humble roof nor state torment him
Less he could like, if less his fate had lent him,
And when he dies, green turfs with grassy tomb content him."

H. Vaughan, "the Silurist," also, in 1640, sings the happiness of the contented angler :—

> "On shady banks sometimes he lyes,
> Sometimes the open current tyes,
> Where with his line and feathered flye
> He sports and takes the scaly fry."

He also wrote some charming Latin verses on a salmon which he caught himself, and sent to his friend Dr. Powell.

The song written by Dr. Donne in 1635, and quoted by Walton, is worth reproducing :—

> "Come live with me, and be my love,
> And we will some new pleasures prove,
> Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
> With silken lines, and silver hooks.
>
> "There will the river whisp'ring run,
> Warm'd by the eyes more than the sun ;
> And there the enamel'd fish will stay
> Begging themselves they may betray.
>
> "When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
> Each fish, which every channel hath,
> Most amorously to thee will swim,
> Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.
>
> "If thou to be so seen, beest loath
> By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both ;
> And if mine eyes have leave to see,
> I need not their light, having thee.
>
> "Let others freeze with angling reeds,
> And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
> Or treacherously poor fish beset
> With strangling snares or windowy net ;
>
> "Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
> The bedded fish in banks outwrest ;
> Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
> To 'witch poor wand'ring fishes' eyes.

"For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait:
That fish that is not catcht thereby,
Is wiser far, alas, than I."

This is quoted by Walton in the "Fourth Day," and it is in imitation of that sung by the milkmaid in the "Third Day," which is attributed to the sweet-singing Christopher Marlowe.

And now we must refer to Izaak Walton himself as a poet in verse, though the *Complete Angler* itself is sufficient to testify to him as one in prose, for, as Coleridge said, the true antithesis of poetry is not prose, but science. This is "The Angler's Wish," which first appeared in the third edition, and was, as he (*Piscator*) says, of his own "composure."

"I in these flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice:
Lit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

"Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers:
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,
Or a leverock build her nest:
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, and what poor mortals love:
Thus free from lawsuits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:

"Or, with my Bryan, and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:

There bid good morning to next day ;
There meditate my time away,
And angle on ; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

In the "Fourth Day" Piscator sings another song, which begins—

"O the gallant fisher's life !
This the best of any," &c.

This was chiefly written by J. Chalkhill, but from what Piscator says after singing it, to the effect that he had forgotten part of it, and was forced to "patch it up" of his "own invention," it is evident that a considerable portion of the words is Walton's. They bear additional testimony to his poetical talents.

It may not be out of place here to quote two or three stanzas of the "Angler's Song" (by some anonymous author), which occurs in the "Third Day" :—

"As inward love breeds outward talk ;
The hound some praise, and some the hawk,
Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
Use tennis ; some a mistress court ;
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

"Who hunts doth oft in danger ride ;
Who hawks lures oft both far and wide ;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser ; but who falls in love
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare :
My angle breeds me no such care.

"Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess ;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas—
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate;
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

"But yet, though while I fish, I fast,
I make good fortune my repast;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight:
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish."

The "Angler's Song," beginning with the words "Man's life is but vain," &c., which occurs in the "Fourth Day," appears in the first edition of *The Complete Angler*. The music, with old-fashioned diamond-headed notes, is curiously printed, that for two voices being on one page (216) in the ordinary way, but that for the other voice, on the next page (217), is printed upside down, so that the singers standing opposite to one another, and holding the book, would each have his own music properly presented to him.

Cotton, Walton's friend and literary coadjutor, also wooed the muses, though perhaps not with great success. In his *Retirement*—"Stanzes Irreguliers to Mr. Izaak Walton"—he shows poetic feeling, but some disregard of rhythm. His favourite river, the Dove, and his desire to dwell for ever quietly, is his theme. He exclaims in Dovedale:—

"Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our recreation!

* * * *

"Oh my beloved nymph; fair Dove;
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie;
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty
And, with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.

Most Midland people (as the writer observed when recently paying a piscatorial visit to Shardlow, on the Trent) pronounce the *o* in Dove like the *o* in "rove," but here Cotton makes "Dove" rhyme with "love," as ordinarily sounded.

Another of Cotton's angling pieces begins with the stanza—

"Away to the brook,
All your tackle outlook;
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing.
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spight
To want tools when a man goes a-fishing."

And further on we are hurried—

"Away, then away,
We lose sport by delay;
But first leave our sorrows behind us;
If misfortune do come,
We are all gone from home,
And a-fishing she never can find us."

Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton College, another intimate friend of Walton, and an ardent angler, discoursed well both in prose and poetry of his favourite pastime. Walton quoted him in the "First Day" and elsewhere. Here are two pretty stanzas:—

"This day dame Nature seem'd in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines;
And birds had drawn their valentines.

"The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my Friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill."

The "Friend" was probably Walton.

Though hardly to be called poetry, the following lines of "Napour Notpole," written in old Barker's *Delights*, are very truthful up to the present hour:—

"Cards, dice, and tables pick thy purse,
Drinking and drabbing being a curse;
Hawking and hunting spend thy chink,
Bowling and shooting end in drink.
The fighting-cock and the horse-race
Will sink a good estate a-pace;
Angling doth bodyes exercise,
And maketh soules holy and wise
By blessed thoughts and meditation.
This, this the angler's recreation;
Health, profit, pleasure, mix't together,
All sports to this not worth a feather."

Waller, whose poem "On a Girdle" will live as long as the English language, has among his *Meditations* one "On Fish," and as he has several allusions to angling in his writings, he may be claimed for our purpose. We find there were lady-anglers in his day, as he sings of the Court beauties of Charles II.'s reign who angled—perhaps in more ways than one—in St. James's Park:—

"Beneath, a shole of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges sides;
The ladies angling in the chrystal lake
Feast on the waters with the prey they take;
At once victorious, with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize."

A propos of lady-anglers, who now number in their increasing ranks the Marchioness of Lorne (Princess Louise), and have been doing wondrous execution among

the salmon northwards this autumn, the following *jeu d'esprit* by Mr. W. G. Clarke, late public orator at Cambridge may be quoted here. The *Field* having announced that the beautiful Miss —— had caught a salmon of seventeen pounds weight, Mr. Clarke put these words into the dying fish's mouth:—

> "Not artificial flies my fancy took,
> Nature's own magic lured me to your hook;
> Play me no more—no thought to 'scape have I—
> But land me, land me, at your feet to die."

Sir Harris Nicolas, in his first edition of *The Complete Angler* (1836), mentions a poem of Waller's "On a Lady fishing with an Angle," commencing—

> "See where the fair Clorinda sits."

The MS., he says, was in the library of the Royal Society, but he was unable to obtain a sight of it. The writer of these notes regrets that he is unable to say whether such a MS. really exists.

Is Bunyan, who wrote in the latter half of the seventeenth century, among the piscatory poets? At all events, in his *Apology for his Book* he bids us observe the angler—

> "You see the ways the Fisherman doth take
> To catch the fish: what engines doth he make!
> Behold! how he engageth all his wits:
> Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks and nets;
> Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line,
> Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine;
> They must be grop'd for, and be tickled too
> Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do."

The *Innocent Epicure*, already alluded to in connection with the authors of the *Universal Angler* (5th edition of *Complete Angler*), was an anonymous poem on "The Art of Angling," published in 1697. "Antithetical periods and

smooth classicisms" are its features. Thus *Esox lucius* is introduced—

> "Go on, my Muse, next let thy numbers speak
> That mighty Nimrod of the streams, the Pike,"

and so forth.

Altogether, the piscatory poets of the seventeenth century do not present a very strong list, though J. D. is a literary host in himself. The dramatists of the period do not come to our aid to any great degree, though passages from 'rare" Ben Jonson, Dekkar, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and others, as bearing on or illustrative of the "ars piscatoria," might be quoted. Shakespeare, however, has been claimed as a poet of the angler, and as an angler too. A large number of passages may be adduced from his plays to illustrate him in the first-named character, and these have been collected very recently in a charming little book by the Rev. H. N. Ellacombe, M.A., entitled *Shakespeare as an Angler* (Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row); and the author has done his best to show that he was also a follower of the gentle craft, arguing this from his use of many technical angling terms, correct ichthyological descriptions of fish, use of fishing proverbs, and his loving descriptions of brooks and running streams and river scenery. The little book will repay perusal at the hands both of the lovers of Shakespeare and the lovers of the angler, but the general impression will probably be that the author somewhat labours in his self-imposed task, and is open to the charge of proving too much.

It is a modern fashion to prove that Shakespeare was a master and follower of almost every conceivable art, science and pastime. Thus one author has elaborated the poet "as a divine," another "as a physician," a third "as a lawyer," and so on, as a soldier, sailor, &c., *ad infinitum;*

and Mr. Ellacombe has also worked him out "as a gardener." But though Dr. Johnson rightly said: "He that will understand Shakespeare must not be content to study him in the closet; he must look for his meaning among the sports of the field;" and, it might be added, in the history and practice of all the subjects to which he alludes; still, we must not conclude that the poet necessarily followed personally this or that particular vocation, of the details of which he shows much intimate knowledge. The truth is, that Shakespeare was a man of wondrous and most comprehensive information on a multitude of subjects, however he may have acquired it, and was able to use the correct technical terms connected with any matter he handled. But to argue from such use, or from that of proverbial and common-parlance expressions of his day, that he was personally associated with any particular matter to which they refer, strikes one as unreasonable as to infer that a person must be given to horse-racing because he uses phrases and expressions which the turf has caused to become incorporated, as it were, with the English language. Shakespeare is traditionally associated with something more than a love of poaching, which seems still an instinct in the nature of even civilised man; but it would be manifestly unfair to say that he was given to "foxing" trout, because he makes one of his characters in *Twelfth Night* say—

> "Lie thou there; for here comes the trout,
> That must be caught with tickling."

Very probably, indeed, Shakespeare, both in his early and latter years, fished in the Stratford Avon and elsewhere, but that his writings show him to have been an angler must be looked upon rather as a "pious opinion" rather than as necessary to be held as an article of faith.

But this is somewhat of a digression; and we must get on to the eighteenth century, which, though it has been called a "leaden" period as regards literature generally, is prolific of piscatory poets of no mean attainments. Among these Pope may be first mentioned, as he was busy versificating at the beginning of it. His name rightly finds a place in the Bibliotheca Piscatoria and he is likely long to remain dear to a large body of anglers because he so sweetly sings their favourite river, "Old Father Thames," and "The Fisher's Punt." The following passage from *Windsor Forest* (1713) is known to all disciples of Izaak Walton—

> "In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
> Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
> The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
> Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
> With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
> And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
> Our plenteous streams a various race supply—
> The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
> The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
> The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold;
> Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
> And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

But Gay is specially the angler-poet of this period, and perhaps it may be said the angler's poet of all periods. The stock-in-trade quotations, the well-known passages in his writings descriptive of angling, never seem to tire. We learn from himself the kind of fishing he best liked—

> "I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
> O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
> Perplex the fisher; I nor chuse to bear
> The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
> Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
> Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.

Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line.
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey."

The above lines are from his *Rural Sports*, inscribed to Pope (1720); and further on, in the same poem he describes the fly-fisher, who ties his own flies on at the stream-side—

" Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear.
In their revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
When, if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That Nature seems to live again in Art."

And the poet is evidently one of the "up-stream" fishing advocates, for he goes on—

" Far *up the stream* the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat."

Not every poet would essay to describe the practical work of fly-tying, but Gay does—

"You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
To frame the little animal provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays."

And this is how you must work your fly—

"Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-formed insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves.
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With nat'ral motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away:
The scaly shoals float by, and, seized with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate."

But, though by choice a fly-fisher, Gay did not disdain to use the worm, or to point out the proper kind of one for a trout, and how to "scour" it—

"You must not every worm promiscuous use;
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose;
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;

And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil."

Our last extract must be the description of the angler's tussle with a big salmon—

"If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food,
Then downright plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake.
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears:
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round,
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide;
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till tired at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies."

Gay was a North Devon man, and doubtless worked its many trout and salmon waters.

Thomson, who also lived in the early part of the eighteenth century, was hardly less a poet of the angle than Gay, and his experience as a fly-fisher, at least in his early years, was gained north of the Tweed. A feature in his *Seasons* (1728) are his descriptions of fishing. Thus in "Spring" we have the invitation to angle—

> "Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
> Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
> And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
> Descends the billowy foam—now is the time,
> While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile
> To tempt the trout. The well dissembled fly;
> The rod, fine tapering, with elastic spring.
> Snatch'd from the hoary stud the floating line,
> And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare."

He shrinks, however, from the worm more than Gay does—

> "But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm
> Convulsive twist in agonising folds,
> Which, by rapacious hunger, swallow'd deep,
> Gives, as you tear it, from the bleeding breast
> Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
> Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand!"

This is where and how the poet would have you throw your fly—

> "Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
> Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
> Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
> Reverted plays in undulating flow—
> There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;
> And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
> With eye attentive mark the springing game,

Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urged by hunger, leap
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook ;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force."

And now let us compare his description of the death of a big trout, "the monarch of the brook," with the death of the salmon in the passage from Gay just above. After recommending that little fish, if caught, should be replaced in their native element, he proceeds :—

" But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it ; but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
With sullen plunge : at once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize."

Both passages may be compared with a similar one from Oppian, describing the death of a large anthia in Chapter I.

But we must go back a little chronologically, and mention Whitney's *Genteel Recreation* (1700), the rhymes of which

have been tersely and painfully described as being "in the Bombastes Furioso style, and sufficiently ridiculous to be somewhat amusing." Moses Browne (another unpoetical name) published his *Piscatory Eclogues* in 1729. He is not to be confounded with the William Browne of the last century, whose productions Blakey in his *Angling Literature* confounds with those of Sannazarius, a translation of whose *Piscatory Eclogues* appeared in 1726. Browne's Eclogues are nine in number, and the author seems to have made Virgil and Theocritus his models for composition. They are very fair reading, especially when we remember that the author produced them in his twenty-third year.

The following lines will give an idea of his style :—

"When artful flies the angler would prepare,
The tack of all deserves his utmost skill ;
Nor verse nor prose can ever teach him well
What masters only know, and practice tell ;
Yet thus at large I venture to support,
Nature best follow'd best secures the sport.
Of flies—the kinds, their seasons, and their breed,
Their shapes, their hues, with nice observance heed ;
Which most the trout admires and where obtain'd,
Experience best will teach you, or some friend ;
For several kinds must every month supply,
So great's his passion for variety ;
Nay, if new species on the stream you find,
Try—you'll acknowledge fortune amply kind."

In 1733, Simon Ford, D.D., wrote a neat Latin poem *Piscatio*, which he inscribed to Archbishop Sheldon, the founder of the "Theatre" at Oxford, and a friend of Walton's, who mentions him in the "Fourth Day" as having "skill above others" in taking barbel. The *Piscatio* has been translated and adapted several times. Williamson, mentioned in Chapter V., was a bit of a poet, and some of

the "versification" of the principal subjects of each of the chapters in his *British Angler* runs off pretty well. This is how he versifies on silk and hair lines :—

"Choose well your Hair, and know the vig'rous Horse,
Not only reigns in Beauty, but in Force ;
Reject the Hair of Beasts, e'en newly dead,
Where all the springs of Nature are decay'd.
Be sure for single Links the fairest chuse—
Such single Hairs will best supply your Use ;
And of the rest your sev'ral Lines prepare,
In all still less'ning ev'ry Link of Hair.
If for the Fly, be long and slight your Line,
The Fish is quick, and hates what is not fine ;
If for the Deep, to stronger we advise,
Tho' still the Finest takes the Finest prize.
Before you twist your upper Links take care
Wisely to match in Length and Strength your hair ;
Hair best with Hair, and Silk with Silk agrees,
But mix'd have great Inconveniences."

In 1774 an M.D., John Armstrong, in his *Art of Preserving Health*, like Kirke White, hymns the Trent, and the "Healthiness of Angling":—

"But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry ; such through the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford runs the brawling Trent ;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods ; and such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air—
Liddel, till now, except in Doric lays
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song, though not a purer stream
Through meads more flowery, or more romantic groves,
Rolls towards the Western main. Hail, sacred flood !

May still thy hospitable swains be blessed
In rural innocence, thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows and the golden grain ;
Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charmed with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I laved ;
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps called forth the wanton swarms,
Formed on the Samian school, or those of Ind.
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane ;
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains."

Here we have the question of the "cruelty of fishing" raised, in reference to which it has been said that the chief pain which captured fish feel is that arising from the thought of the terrible lies which anglers will tell of their weights.

Following the example of clergymen of the Establishment, Dr. Thomas Scott, a dissenting minister of Ipswich, comes before us in 1775 as an angling author with his *Anglers* — "eight dialogues in verse" — very tolerable reading. A feature of angling literature is the large number of clergymen who have entered the lists both with prose and verse productions. As "fishers of men" it might be expected that they would occasionally handle the angling pen, and the rod too. To their ranks belong some of the best fishermen of past and present times. The fox-hunting parson is almost an extinct being, though a few of the persuasion still linger in the far west, and

lament their famous leader, the late Jack Russell ; and the shooting parson is now under suspicion ; but a "little quiet angling" is freely accorded on all sides to "the cloth." A very interesting book entitled *The Amusements of Clergymen*, was written in 1797, under the pseudonym of the "Red Josiah Framptom," by the Rev. William Gilpen, Prebendary of Salisbury, and author of *Forest Scenery*, which was reprinted a few years ago by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

From *The Avon*, a poem ascribed to the Rev. J. Huckell, in 1789, we may take the following pretty lines as a specimen of his work :—

> "See where serenely gay the Nymph invites
> To more secure, tho' less sublime delights.
> The studious angler see, with pleasing care,
> The flowing line and quiv'ring rod prepare.
> Delightful task ! When all the woodlands sing
> The roseate beauties of inspiring spring.
> Often may *patience*, wisdom's meek-eyed friend
> To ev'ry fam'd recess his steps attend ;
> And then, propitious to the vot'ry's skill,
> Flow soft, ye waters, and, ye winds, be still !"

Though it does not come within the category of English poetry, we will conclude our notice of the period through which we have been glancing with a few lines of translation from a poem of Delille, a charming French writer, at the close of the eighteenth century :—

> "Beneath yon willow pale, whose foliage dank
> Gives added freshness to the river's bank,
> The fisher stands, and marks upon the tide
> The trembling line along the current glide ;—
> With mute attention, and with secret joy,
> He views the bending rod and sinking buoy.
> Which watery guest has braved the sudden fate
> Fixed to the barb that lurks beneath the bait ?

> The springing trout, or carp bedecked with gold ;
> Or does the perch his purpled fins unfold ?
> Or silver eel that winds through many a maze,
> Or pike voracious on his kind that preys ? "

Somerville, who sounded his horn in *The Chace* at the beginning of the present century, and has somewhat irreverently been called "the poet of the pigskin," has not forgotten angling among his *Field Sports ;* and Clifford, in his *Angler*, "a didactic poem," in 1804, has immortalised himself by putting on record his want of appreciation of J. D.'s *Secrets.* In 1819, one Thomas Pike (rightly so called "the appropriator") Lathy distinguished himself by publishing *The Angler*, the great bulk of which was a mere transcription of Doctor Scott's book just mentioned, with "heads" and "tails" prefixed and suffixed to the different cantos. He palmed the book off on a confiding bookseller, who suffered in consequence. In the same year an officer of the Royal Navy, T. W. Charleton, left salt water for fresh, and produced a by no means unreadable poem, entitled *The Art of Fishing*, something in the style of John Dennys, but not nearly so good a production. In the collected poems of Professor Wilson (Christopher North), 1825, so many of which are devoted more or less to angling, we find *The Angler's Tent*, first published in 1812, a quotation from which will serve to show the author's style and spirit :—

> " Yes ! dear to us that solitary trade,
> 'Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued
> Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,
> White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade !
> The sweetest visions of our boyish years
> Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone
> Of running waters ; and one stream appears,
> Remember'd all—tree, willow, bank, and stone ;

How glad were we, when, after sunny showers,
Its voice came to us issuing from the school !
How fled the vacant, solitary hours,
By dancing rivulet, or silent pool !
And still our souls retain in manhood's prime
The love of joys our childish years that blest ;
So now encircled by these hills sublime,
We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,
Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest !
Within that bower are strewn, in careless guise,
Idle one day, the angler's simple gear ;
Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,
Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies ;
The limber rod that shook its trembling length,
Almost as airy as the line it threw,
Yet often bending in an arch of strength
When the tired salmon rose at last to view,
Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,
On which at night we dream of sports by day ;
And, empty now, beside it close is laid
The goodly pannier framed of osiers gray ;
And maple bowl in which we're wont to bring
The limpid water from the morning wave,
Or from some mossy and sequester'd spring
To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,
Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave !
And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast,
Amid the depths of sylvan silence pray,
Than prayed we friends on that mild quiet day,
By God and man beloved, the day of rest !

Thomas Tod Stoddart, mentioned in the last chapter, was almost as good a poet as he was an angler; and Professor Wilson, whom we have just quoted, considered his *Songs and Poems*, published in 1839, "among the best ever written." Here is one of them :—

"Where torrents foam
While others roam
Among the yielding heather ;
Some river meek
We'll forth and seek,
And lay our lines together.

Some sylvan stream,
Where shade and gleam
Are blended with each other,
Below whose bank
The lilies rank
All humbler flowers ensmother.

Where cushats coo
And ringdoves woo
The shining channel over,
From leafy larch
Or birchen arch—
Their unmolested cover.

There daily met,
No dark regret
Shall cloud our noon of pleasure ;
We'll carry rule
O'er stream and pool,
And none to claim a measure.

With tackless care
On chosen hair,
March fly and minnow tender,
We shall invite
The scaly wight
To eye them and surrender.

And when out-worn
We'll seek some thorn
With shadow old and ample—
The natural ground,
Moss laid around,
An angler's resting temple !

In *Remarks on Shooting, in Verse*, by W. Watt, in 1839, we have a poem of some length on "Trolling." He seems to be one of that class of writers who have an idea that anything which rhymes is poetry ; and though his description of the tackle and the way of using it in this branch of angling is correct enough, the poem is hardly worth reading. The author writes very prosaic poetry ; but must be credited with originality of design in producing the

"Game Laws Versified," in forty-eight sections. Pulman's *Book of the Axe* (1841), and various poems on angling subsequently published, only claim passing mention.

The *Newcastle Fishers' Garlands* are a series of songs or poems chiefly in praise of the Coquet, and emanated from the Waltonian Club, established in Newcastle-on-Tyne in the year 1821–22. The custom seems to have been to publish a *Garland* annually, the first of which appeared in 1821 in form of a single-sheet broadside. It commences—

"Auld nature now revivèd seems,"

and was the joint production of Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday, who were also the authors of most of the single *Garlands* to the year 1832, when the series terminated. They were published in a collected form in the year 1836, with Boaz's *Angler's Progress*, a childish poem written in 1789, prefixed to them as the *Garland* for 1820. In 1742 an attempt was made to revive the series, but it failed after two or three years. However, in the year just named, the original publishers of the *Garlands* brought out *A Collection of Right Merrie Garlands for North-Country Anglers*, adding to the original a miscellaneous collection of songs, Doubleday again being a contributor. The best of the Roxby and Doubleday *Garlands* were republished in the *Coquetdale Fishing Songs* in 1852; and in 1864 Mr. Joseph Crawhall again reproduced the *Collection of Right Merrie Garlands, &c.*, with songs and poems added mainly by himself and Doubleday, T. Westwood being also a contributor, and styled them by the old title of the *Newcastle Fishers' Garlands*, assigning one, and sometimes two, to each year to 1864 inclusive. Thus we have what the Devonshire folk would call "a mixed medley;" and the compositions, it

must be confessed, are of very unequal merit, though many of them strike sympathetic chords. They are about fifty in number, and here is one of Doubleday's, entitled "The Fisher's Call" (1828), taken almost at haphazard :—

"The thorn is in the bud,
The palm is in the bloom,
The primrose, in the shade,
Unfolds her dewy bosom ;
Sweet *Coquet's* purling clear,
And summer music making ;
The trout has left his lair,
Then waken, fishers, waken !

The lavrock's in the sky,
And on the heath the plover,
The bee upon the thyme,
The swallow skimming over ;
The farmer walks the field,
The seed he's casting steady,
The breeze is blowing west,
Be ready, fishers, ready !

The violet's in her prime,
And April is the weather ;
The partridge on the wing,
The muircock in the heather ;
The sun's upon the pool
His morning radiance wasting,
It's glittering like the gold,
Oh, hasten, fishers, hasten !

The *Felton* lads are up,
They're looking to their tackle ;
The sawmon's in the stream,
And killing is the hackle.
If there's a feat to do,
'Tis *Weldon* boys should do it ;
Then up and rig your gads,
And to it, fishers, to it !"

Here is another, by W. A. Chatto, which originally appeared in his book on *Fly-Fishing in Northumber-*

land, &c., in 1834, under the title of "The Angler's Invitation :"—

"The wild bull his covert in Chillingham wood
Has left, and now browses the daisy-strew'd plain ;
The May-fly and swallow are skimming the flood,
And sweet in the hedge blooms the hawthorn again ;
The young lambs are skipping on *Cheviot's* broad mountain,
The heather springs green upon *Whitsun-bank* side ;
The streams are as clear as the lime-stone rock fountain,
And sweet is the palm-blossom's scent where they glide.

Oh, leave for awhile the dull smoke of the city ;
Sons of gain, quit your desks, and your ledgers lay by,
Seek health in the fields while each bird sings its ditty,
And breathe the pure air underneath the broad sky ;
Sons of pleasure, come view the sweet primroses springing,
Leave the scene where the light figurantè whirls round ;
Come, list to the lark in the blue ether singing,
Come, see how the deer in the green forest bound.

The glad trout is roaming in every clear stream,
And the grilse and the salmon now drink the May flood ;
Then, anglers, be up with the sun's early beam,
Let your flies be in trim and your tackle be good ;
In *Till* there's good store of fat trouts to be won,—
Let your skill load your creels as you wander along,—
And at night, as you tell of the feats you have done,
Cheer your talk with a cup of good wine and a song."

While among the angling poets of the north, who seem to have been among the most enthusiastic of their tribe, we may here mention, though a little out of chronological order, the *Chaplets from Croquet-side*, by Joseph Crawhall, published in 1873. The following quaintly dainty little bit would almost make worm-fishing allowable in the crystal streams flowing from Parnassus itself: —

"The flee's been sung in mony a strain,
The mennum owre an' owre again

Has been the poet's theme :
Gentles, and pastes, and viler roe
Hae had their praises sung enow
In drumlie verse and stream,
But let us sing *the worm* in June,
Auld Coquet crystal clear ;
All leafy Nature's now in tune,
Now doth true skill appear.
Sae moyley an' coyly
Steal on the gleg-e'ed trout ;
He sees ye, an' flees ye—
Gif no—ye'll pick him out.

" Just as the early, tuneful lark,
Dame Nature's vocal chapel-clerk,
Carols his hymn of praise,
Just as the dews frae flowers distil,
And air recovers frae nights chill,
Thro' Phœbus' slantin' rays ;
Wi' weel-graithed gear up stream then hie,
Unerring cast the lure ;
The barely covered *spankers* lie
Unwatchfully secure.
Then lungin' and plungin'
You feel the finny prize,
Now gantin' an' pantin'
Stretched on his side he dies.

" Straight as a sapling fir your wand,
Mid-teens o' feet, and light to hand,
With hook of ample size,
Inserted just below the head
Of worm, well scoured and purplish red,
Like arrow sourceward flies,
Swift with the current see it wear,
Then trembling, mid-stream stay,
That instant strike—my life, *he's there*.
At leisure creelward play.
Then stay there an' play there,
Enjoy thy latest cast,
For the worm aye, in turn aye,
Will conquer a' at last."

Blakey published his *Angler's Song Book* in 1855, containing nearly two hundred and fifty songs and poems of various degrees of merit, and some of no merit at all, ranging from John Dennys down to Wordsworth. The collection, as a whole, is not one of which anglers can feel very proud.

The *Songs of the Edinburgh Club* (1851), a new and enlarged edition of which was published in 1879, is the last collection we shall mention. This club was founded in 1847, and the volume was "privately printed for members," whose angling headquarters is "The Nest," on a famous stretch of the Tweed rented by the club. Our quotations from angling poets have already extended to so great a length that we must forbear to quote but a few lines from this elegant volume, which is full of suggestiveness of love of nature, love of angling, and love of the brotherhood of anglers, while at the same time it is to be prized for the faultless typography and exquisite engravings. This is the concluding "L'Envoy"—

"'Tis time to part; the fleeting hours
Too soon have sped their course along;
Yet surely we have tipped their wings
With golden mirth and silv'ry song.
Old Time, upon his labouring course,
Might pause to gaze on scenes so bright
And hours like these. But, no, he's past,
And we must part—Good night! Good night!

"We'll meet again; you know the spot,
Where rolls the river broad and fair,
Where peeps the modest violet,
And hawthorn blossoms scent the air.
Again with song and mirth we'll crown
Our long, long days of calm delight.
But now, alas! 'tis time to part,
To each and all—Good night! Good night!"

The Honble. and Rev. Robert Liddell is another clergyman among the poets of the Angle. He published the first canto of *The Lay of the Last Angler*, as a "tribute to the Tweed at Melrose," at the end of the season of 1867. The third canto appeared in 1874; but they were all printed "for private circulation only." They afford a rich poetical treat to any angler who is fortunate enough to get hold of a copy.

Numerous angling songs and poems by different modern writers have appeared during the last few years in the pages of magazines and newspapers more or less devoted to national pastimes, both here and in America. Many of them are of great beauty, and will perhaps appear in some more permanent form. We must restrain our desire to quote them, contenting ourselves with the following lines on a humble brook, by Carl Waring, published in the American *Forest and Stream* :—

"You see it first near the dusty road,
Where the farmer stops with his heavy load
At the foot of a weary hill;
There the mossy trough it overflows,
Then away with a leap and a laugh it goes
At its own sweet wandering will.

"It flows through an orchard gnarl'd and old,
Where in the spring the dainty buds unfold
Their petals pink and white;
The apple blossoms so sweet and pure,
The streamlet's smiles and songs allure,
To float off on the ripples bright.

"It winds through the meadow scarcely seen,
For o'er it the flowers and grasses lean
To salute its smiling face;
And thus, half hidden, it ripples along,
The whole way singing its summer song,
Making glad each arid place.

"Just there, where the water dark and cool
Lingers a moment in yonder pool,
The dainty trout are at play;
And now and then one leaps in sight,
With sides aglow in the golden light
Of the long sweet summer day.

"Oh, back to their shelves those books consign,
And look to your rod and reel and line,
Make fast the feather'd hook!
Then away from the town, with its hum of life,
Where the air with worry and work is rife,
To the charms of the meadow brook!"

As regards the poetical literature of angling which we have reviewed, it would be mere affectation to say that we should be satisfied with it as a whole. It is true that there is considerable interest in it from a bibliographical point of view, and that the contributions of several writers are good examples of true poetic feeling and diction; but at the same time there is a plethora of what is mere doggerel, stiltedness, and affectation. Anglers themselves, however, who form no inconsiderable portion of the community, may be congratulated on the high testimony the poets have borne to their favourite recreation; and it is not likely that a *vates sacer* will ever be wanting to their ranks. As time passes on, and prose works on angling multiply, in like manner we may expect the stream of poetic literature to flow on, as the contemplative man's recreation is in its surroundings and associations conducive to the development of poetic temperament and feeling.

In this and the two previous chapters the majority of—and, indeed, almost all—the authors mentioned were themselves anglers, as might naturally be expected. By way of a note, we may here give the names of a few more or less eminent literary men who, though not authors on angling, have pursued the gentle craft. For instance,

Dryden, Bacon, George Herbert, Sir Isaac Newton, Pepys, Dean Swift, Hollingshed, Sheridan, Sir Aubrey Carlisle, Archdeacon Paley, Sir Walter Scott, Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, and the first Lord Lytton, who in more than one passage in his "Eugene Aram" pictures fly-fishing. Among more modern *literati* is Mr. Matthew Arnold; and many others who handle the "bending reed" as well as the pen most masterfully.

We will conclude this chapter with the soft cadence of the final stanza of J. D., the "Laureate of the Angling Craft":—

> "And now we are ariued at the last,
> In wished harbour where we mean to rest;
> And make an end of this our journey past.
> Here in the quiet roade I think it best
> We strike our sails and stedfast Anchor cast,
> For now the Sunne low setteth in the West."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF SEA AND RIVER FISHING —NEWSPAPERS—REVIEWS—MAGAZINES — BOOKS ON SEA FISHING, ICHTHYOLOGY, AND PISCICULTURE— THE LITERARY "OUTCOME" OF THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

PERHAPS the subject taken in hand in this little volume might have been considered fairly concluded in the last chapter, as the survey in the preceding papers has covered, though necessarily in a circumscribed and imperfect manner, the whole field of Fishing Literature from the earliest times to the present. Still it may not be out of place to add a few words in reference to the current literature of fishing; and a list of some of the chief works which deal with subjects more or less allied to that immediately in hand.

A weekly newspaper, specially devoted to Fish and Fishing is *The Fishing Gazette*, most ably edited by Mr. R. B. Marston, who is well known as a learned and skilful angler, and for the interest he takes in pisciculture, especially in reference to "coarse" fish. The *Angler's Journal* is another, edited by Captain Alfred, of Moorgate Street. The *Field* has, from its first starting, devoted much space to angling, of which department Mr. Francis Francis has been editor for many years. A large portion of his Angling, and kindred works, has first appeared in its pages. *Land and Water*, to which the late Mr. Frank

Buckland was a voluminous contributor, follows in the same line; and Mr. Henry Ffennell is now its angling editor. It has recently appeared in a new and improved form, which has been much appreciated. *Ashore or Afloat*, a recently launched weekly, and admirably done, makes fish and fishing a special feature. The success in this department has been secured by the appointment of Mr. J. T. Carrington, the naturalist of the Aquarium, as the editor of 'Sea Fishing,' and Mr. J. P. Wheeldon of 'Freshwater Fishing.' The *Fish Trades Gazette*, a new weekly journal, rather inclined to take a one-sided view of the fish trade, always contains a good supply of interesting matter in connection with sea fishing. Of a very similar character is the American paper called the *Sea World and Packer's Journal*, published at Baltimore. The *American Angler* (New York) is a Transatlantic paper of interest to anglers. But the best of the class is *Forest and Stream* (New York), of which Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. are the representatives in London. The *Field* is another excellent American paper of the same type. It is published at Chicago. Among journals here which deal with miscellaneous sports and pastimes, and include articles on angling, may be mentioned the *Sporting Life*, the *Sportsman*, *Bell's Life*, and the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, and the Irish *Sport*. Other weekly papers, such as the *Graphic*, constantly have articles on angling in their pages. Indeed such is the popularity of angling at the present time, that even the London daily papers frequently publish articles on the subject. Among provincial newspapers the *Norwich Argus*, a high-class Conservative journal, is conspicuous for the space it gives to contributions on sea and river fishing. It is from the office of this paper that an admirable little

Guide to the Broads and Rivers of Norfolk is issued; and also the annual *East Anglian Handbook*, in which articles on fish and fishing have for the last quarter of a century found a place. A selection of these, bound in one volume, was exhibited by Mr. P. Soman, the proprietor of the *Argus*, at the Fisheries Exhibition.

The "Magazines" of the period by no means neglect angling. *Blackwood* did no little to establish its reputation years ago by its angling articles from the pens of Professor Wilson, and other eminent literary anglers. *Fraser*, also, has long made angling articles a feature in its pages; and even the more sober "Quarterlies" minister to the prevailing taste. The "Monthlies" of many kinds also follow suit, such as the *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *&c.*; while the evergreen *Baily*, and the promising young *Squire* (the latter under the able conductorship of Mr. Morgan Evans), minister regularly and pleasantly to piscatorial wants. The *Sporting Mirror* angles for readers. Scribner's Monthly, now *The Century* (New York), sends us an abundant supply of admirable angling articles from the other side of the "herring-pond."

What may be termed "Guide-Books" have their place, though a humble one, in angling literature; and very useful publications they are. Among them may be mentioned the *Angler's Diary*, issued annually from the *Field* Office, which gives in alphabetical order a list of all the fishing waters in the United Kingdom, with nearest railway stations, and a variety of information in reference to "close" seasons, licences, &c. Mr. Greville Fennell's *The Rail and the Rod* has already been mentioned in Chapter VI., as has also Mr. Wheeldon's *Angling Resorts near London*. Both books contain most useful "guidal" information, as well as being worthy of being ranked as books on angling from a

literary point of view. The same remark applies to Mr. Little's *Angler's Complete Guide and Companion.* For Scotch anglers, or others going north, Mr. Watson Lyall's *Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide,* which is published monthly during the spring and summer, is a valuable reference book, and contains much useful information as to letting price of Scotch fishings, &c. Of a somewhat similar character, but in "book" form, is *The Highland Sportsman,* published annually by Mr. Hall at 43, Old Bond Street. All who wish to acquaint themselves with Scotland in its sporting aspect should have this volume. Just before going to press with these notes, another Scotch sporting guide has been announced as shortly to appear, under the title of *Ross's Sportsman's Friend* (68, West Regent Street, Glasgow).

Angling Societies are also contributing to angling literature by the publication in volumes of the Papers read at their meetings. The two series of *Angler's Evenings* (Heywood and Son, Manchester), being Papers read before the Manchester Angling Association, are admirable examples of such publications. Very recently that young but flourishing angling association, *The Gresham,* has issued a pleasant little volume containing some of the Papers read at its meetings.

Our colonies and the United States are fast forming a piscatory literature of their own. In the latter the pastime of fishing is becoming more and more popular every year. Among them may be mentioned the *American Angler's Guide,* the first edition of which was published at New York in 1845, and the last in 1876. It covers all kinds of fishing in the United States, and contains much that may be read with profit by anglers here. Bethune's valuable edition of the *Complete Angler* has been referred

to in Chapter IV. Other American angling books are Henshall's *Black Bass Fishing;* Hallock's *Fishing Tourist,* and his *American Sportsman's Gazeteer;* and Frank Forester's *Fishing with Hook and Line.* The last files of papers from America announce the appearance of *Fish: their Habits and Haunts, and the Methods of Catching them,* by the late Lorenzo Pronty.

For the purpose of reference, a list of some chief works on SEA-FISHING, ICHTHYOLOGY, and PISCICULTURE are here added.

Under those on SEA-FISHING to be specially mentioned is Mr. E. W. H. Holdsworth's *Deep-sea Fishing and Fishing Boats* (Stanford, 1874), from which may be fully learned all that an ordinary reader would wish to know about the fishing industry round our coasts. Bertram's *Harvest of the Sea* (Murray, 1865), *The Great Fisheries of the World described* (Nelson, 1878), Caux's *The Herring and the Herring Fishery* (Hamilton, Adam, and Co., 1881), and *The Fisheries of the World,* now in course of publication by Messrs. Cassell and Co.—are all full of information on the subject. A little pamphlet, entitled *Sea Fisheries; or, Christmas among the Fishermen of the North Sea,* which has been on sale at the Fisheries Exhibition, may be read with interest. Many books deal mainly with sea fishing as a "sport"—for instance (without giving them in chronological order), Wilcock's *Sea Fisherman* (Longman and Co.), L. Young's *Sea Fishing as a Sport* (1872), "Wildfowler's" *Shooting and Fishing Trips* (Longman & Co.), Lord's *Sea Fish, and how to catch them* (Bradbury and Evans, 1862), Brookes's *Art of Angling, Rock and Sea Fishing,* dating as far back as 1740. There is valuable information, also of a general kind, in Hearder's *Degeneration of our Sea*

Fisheries (Plymouth, 1870), and in the little Trade Catalogues of Hearder and Son, and of C. & R. Brooks, both tackle makers at Plymouth, who exhibited and won distinction at the Fisheries Exhibition. But as valuable a volume as any connected with our sea fisheries is the Selection of Prize Essays, recently published by the Committee of the Edinburgh Fisheries Exhibition of last year. Almost every subject connected with the fishing industry is therein most fully treated on. The volume is entitled, *Essays on Fish and Fisheries*, and is published by Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

Mr. Andrew Young's *Natural History and Habits of the Salmon* (Longman and Co., 1874), *The Autobiography of Salmo Salar, Esq.*, already mentioned in Chapter VI., and Mr. Archibald Young's *Salmon Fisheries* (attached to Mr. Holdsworth's book on sea fishing), are among the works to be referred to in connection with the fish that hovers between salt and fresh water, and has both a sporting and commercial importance. Mr. T. Brady's *Reports*, and other publications in reference to Irish fisheries, are also very valuable. Olsen's pictorial *Atlas of the North Sea*, &c. (O. T. Olsen, Grimsby), should be possessed by all who wish to study our sea fisheries. The last work we will mention is *The British Fisheries Directory*, recently published by Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. It may truly be called a child of the Fisheries Exhibition, and it is to be hoped that it will be established as an annual. Of its usefulness to both amateur and professional fishermen there can be no doubt, as it is a book of statistics and general information in connection with every department of the fishing industry of the United Kingdom. The idea was an excellent one, and it has been excellently carried out. For a variety of other works, bearing more or less directly on

sea fishing, reference may be made to that portion of the Bibliotheca Piscatoria devoted to "Fisheries" publications.

Legal works of value connected with our fisheries, which will be found most useful, are Oke's *Handbook of Game and Fishery Laws* (Butterworth's, 1878), edited by J. W. W. Bund; Mr. Bund's own book on *The Law relating to the Salmon Fisheries, &c.;* Mr. Baker's *Laws relating to Salmon Fisheries, &c.* (though the last edition was in 1868), and Mr. Archibald Young's books above-mentioned. For an exhaustive list of *Acts of Parliament* relating to our fisheries, from the time of Edward I. (1270), down to the present, and *Parliamentary Papers*, reference can be made to the Bibliotheca Piscatoria, in which the enumeration of both together fill up no less than fifty pages.

The mention of works on ICHTHYOLOGY at once suggests the names of the great French naturalists Buffon and Cuvier. The *Animal Kingdom* of the latter, and *Natural History* of the former, must ever remain standard works of their kind, notwithstanding fresh discoveries in zoology. Among our own country the name of Yarrell stands out conspicuously, his *History of British Fishes* being a master work (Van Voorst), and his *Growth of the Salmon in Fresh Water* another. Mr. Van Voorst also publishes a most interesting book, though not in the class we are now mentioning, entitled *Heraldry of Fish*, by Thomas Moule. Couch's *History of the Fishes of the British Isles* (Bell & Co.) is too well known to need more than mention here. His *Treatise on the Pilchard* is also well worth study, both as a work on ichthyology, and as bearing on the pilchard fisheries of Cornwall. Another standard work is the *Introduction to the Study of Fishes*, by Dr. C. L. B. Günther, of the British Museum (A. & C. Black, Edinburgh, 1880). *British Fresh Water Fishes*, by the Rev. W. Houghton,

is published by W. Mackenzie & Co., of Ludgate Hill, E.C., and Edinburgh and Dublin (1880), and it is difficult to imagine a work of the kind more splendidly illustrated, while the letterpress is all that can be desired. The two grand volumes make a magnificent specimen of a *livre de luxe*. The chapters on the "Salmonidæ" are of special interest and beauty. The *Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland*, "including their economic uses and various modes of capture, &c.," is another of the great books of the age and "for all time." Dr. Francis Day, its author, is also well known for his work on the *Fishes of India*, and other productions. He has won the highest distinctions in connection with the Indian Section at the Fisheries Exhibition, and other honours. Cassell's *Natural History*, a grand work, which has long been in course of publication, under the editorship of Dr. Duncan, is another most valuable book of reference. Among less pretentious volumes may be mentioned F. Buckland's *History of British Fishes, &c.* (S.P.C.K.), and his *Logbook of a Fisherman and Zoologist;* Wood's *Natural History; Fishes*, in Jardine's "Naturalist's Library"; Brown's *Natural History of the Salmon* (1862); Pennell's *Angler-Naturalist; The Autobiography of Salmo Salar, Esquire*, already referred to; Badham's *Prose Halientics;* the various works by H. P. Gosse; Rennie's *Alphabet of Scientific Angling*, though published as long ago as 1836, and consequently somewhat antiquated in its curious ichthyological gossip; and *Reports on the Natural History of Salmonoids* (Blackwood, 1867). The various writings of Professors Darwin, Tyndall, Owen, and Huxley, contain a variety of ichthyological information, and the monograph on the *Crayfish*, by the last named, is a veritable marvel of exhaustive treatment. The last work we shall mention here, but by no means "the

least" in the library of ichthyology, is Scribner & Sons' (New York) *Game Fishes of the United States*, containing a series of most magnificent paintings of fishes and scenery, with the text by Professor Browne Goode, of the United States Museum. This is another of the *livres de luxe*, but unfortunately beyond the means of slender purses. A large number of the books on angling already referred to in Chapters IV., V., and VI., contain ichthyological matter of more or less interest.

Works on PISCICULTURE are numerous, and many date back to the Middle Ages, and even "classic" times. Some have already been referred to in connection with what we have called the "composite" books on angling; and to them may be added the Treatises of Boccius, published by Van Voorst in 1841 and 1848; and several other translations of foreign authors. Our own older writers dilated a good deal on fish-ponds, a subject to which before long greater attention will probably be given in this country. Roger North published his *Discourse on Fish and Fish-ponds* in 1713, and it may still be studied with profit, a remark which applies to W. Marshall's work on *Management of Landed Estates* (Longman & Co., 1806), in which the 9th section treats on "Improvement of Waters." Other comparatively old works, such as Lebault's *Maison Rustique* (mentioned by I. Walton in "Fifth Day"), translated into English in 1600; Ellis's *Modern Husbandman* (1750); Mordant's *Complete Steward* (1761), in dictionary form; Mortimer's *Whole Art of Husbandry* (1707); Jacob's *Country Gentleman's Vade-mecum* (1717); and Hale's *Complete Body of Husbandry* (1758), all contain "Fish-pondian" information, a great deal of which is applicable to "fish-farming" at the present time. Among works on angling, several contain piscicultural disquisitions, and especially Bowlker's *Art of Angling*, referred to in Chapter V. Among more recent

works which may be consulted are F. Buckland's *Fish and Fish Hatching* (Tinsley Brothers, 1863); Capel's *Trout Culture* (Hardwicke & Bogue, 1877); Sir Samuel Wilson's *Trout at the Antipodes* (Stanford, 1879); Ashworth's remarks on the artificial propagation of salmon at Stormontfield (1875), and *Report of a Committee* on the experiments there (1875), and Brown's *Natural History of the Salmon*, also in connection with the same establishment (Murray, Glasgow, 1862); Francis Francis's *Fish Culture* (Routledge, 1865), and his *Practical Management of Fisheries* (*Field* office, 1883); Hoare's *Treatise on Fish-ponds* (Wyman and Sons, 1870); and Humphrey's *River Gardens* (Sampson Low & Co., 1857). The United States of America has been prolific in piscicultural publications. Seth Green published his *Trout Culture* in 1870, and L. Stone his *Domesticated Trout* in 1873—a valuable work; and Norris his *American Fish Culture* in 1868 (Sampson Low & Co.). The Reports of the *United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries* date from 1871, and are all most instructive; as are *The Transactions of the American Fish Cultural Association* (established in 1871), to which Professor G. Brown Goode is a prominent contributor; and from Canada we had last year the interesting and valuable *Report of S. Wilmot, Esq., on Fish Breeding Operations, &c.*, in the Dominion. The annual *Fisheries Statements* published by the Canadian Government are well got up and worth consulting.

Our concluding note will be in reference to the published literary products of the Fisheries Exhibition itself. Of these the HANDBOOKS are naturally the chief; and for convenience of reference we give the Series entire:—

The Fishery Laws. By Frederick Pollock, Barrister-at-Law, M.A. (Oxon.), Hon. LL.D. Edin.; Corpus Christi Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford.

Zoology and Food Fishes. By George B. Howes, Demonstrator of Biology, Normal School of Science, and Royal School of Mines, South Kensington.

British Marine and Freshwater Fishes. (Illustrated.) By W. Saville Kent, F.L.S., F.Z.S., Author of Official Guide-books to the Brighton, Manchester, and Westminster Aquaria.

Apparatus for Fishing. By E. W. H. Holdsworth, F.L.S., F.Z.S., Special Commissioner for Juries, International Fisheries Exhibition; Author of "Deep Sea Fisheries and Fishing Boats," "British Industries—Sea Fisheries," &c.

The British Fish Trade. By His Excellency Spencer Walpole, Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man.

The Unappreciated Fisher Folk. By James G. Bertram, Author of "The Harvest of the Sea."

The Salmon Fisheries. (Illustrated.) By C. E. Fryer, Assistant Inspector of Salmon Fisheries, Home Office.

Sea Monsters Unmasked. (Illustrated.) By Henry Lee, F.L.S.

The Angling Clubs and Preservation Societies of London and the Provinces. By J. P. Wheeldon, late Angling Editor of "Bell's Life."

Indian Fish and Fishing. (Illustrated.) By Francis Day, F.L.S., Commissioner for India to International Fisheries Exhibition.

A Popular History of Fisheries and Fishermen of all Countries, from the Earliest Times. By W. M. Adams, B.A., formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford.

Fish Culture. (Illustrated.) By Francis Day, F.L.S., Commissioner for India to International Fisheries Exhibition.

Fish as Diet. By W. Stephen Mitchell, M.A. (Cantab.)

Angling in Great Britain. By William Senior ("Red Spinner").

Edible Crustacea. By W. Saville Kent, F.L.S., F.Z.S., Author of Official Guide-books to the Brighton, Manchester, and Westminster Aquaria.

The Literature of Sea and River Fishing. By John J. Manley, M.A. (Oxon.), Author of "Notes on Fish and Fishing," &c., &c.

Sea Fables Disclosed. By Henry Lee, F.L.S.

Fishes of Fancy: their place in Fable, Fairy Tale, Myth, and Poetry. By Phil Robinson.

The Outcome of the Exhibition. By A. J. R. Trendell, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Literary Superintendent for the Fisheries Exhibition.

The series of PAPERS read at the CONFERENCES are as follows :—

Inaugural Meeting: Address. By Professor Huxley, P.R.S. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (President of the Commission) in the Chair.

Notes on the Sea Fisheries and Fishing Population of the United Kingdom. By H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.

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Oyster Culture and Oyster Fisheries in the Netherlands. By Professor Hubrecht.

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The Fisheries of Canada. By L. Z. Joncas.

Preservation of Fish Life in Rivers by the Exclusion of Town Sewage. By the Hon. W. F. B. Massey Mainwaring.

Molluscs, Mussels, Whelks, &c., used for Food or Bait. By Charles Harding.

Coarse Fish Culture. By R. B. Marston.

On the Food of Fishes. By Dr. F. Day.

The Herring Fisheries of Scotland. By R. W. Duff, M.P.

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On Facilities for the Improved Capture and Economic Transmission of Sea Fisheries, and how these Matters affect Irish Fisheries. By R. F. Walsh, of Kinsale.

The Fisheries of Ireland. By J. C. Bloomfield.

The Fisheries of Other Countries. By Commissioners for Sweden, Norway, Spain, &c., who took part in the Conference.

The Pollution of Rivers. By Mr. V. B. Barrington Kennett, M.A.

The Fisheries of Japan. By Narinori Okoshi.

The West African Fisheries, with particular reference to the Gold Coast Colony. By Captain Moloney, C.M.G.

Fish Preservation and Refrigeration. By Mr. J. K. Kilbourn.

Practical Fishermen's Congress (presided over by Mr. Edward Birkbeck, M.P.), containing: (*a*) Destruction of Immature Fish. (*b*) Harbour Accommodation. (*c*) Better Means for Prevention of Loss of Life at Sea. (*d*) Railway Rates.

The Fisheries of Newfoundland. By Sir Ambrose Shea, K.C.M.G.

The above Handbooks and Papers treat of almost every subject which can be included under the title of "Fish and Fishing"; and cover much of the ground occupied in many of the books passed in review in the foregoing pages. In addition to them there will be published the *Reports of the Jurors;* and a selection of the *Prize Essays* and others, on a variety of piscatory subjects.

The *Catalogue*, the fourth edition of which occupies close on five hundred closely-printed pages, and produced under the editorship of Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, may in a certain sense be considered as a valuable contribution to the literature of Sea and River Fishing, and almost a "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" in itself.

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